

ANGUS P BENNION

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Present Prospects

Oh, a feeling of dread o'er the people is creeping;
The cloud-covered future is threat'ning and dark;
Old Death's sable legions prepare for the reaping,
And rich is the harvest now ripe for their work.
For the souls of the blood-loving, long since departed,
On a mission from hades have gleefully started.
To influence the ambition of rulers black-hearted.
And fan up the embers of rapine and war.

With the sweet bait of "Liberty" monarchs are angling,
The poor human gudgeons the *hook* ne'er behold;
While they struggle and bleed for the bait that is dangling,
A strong net is round them their rights to enfold.
Gaunt Treachery lurks in the highest of stations,
And weakness is seen in the strongest of nations,
Their statesmen will break the most sacred relations,
To gain popularity, places, or gold.

No confidence law-makers have in each other;
No wonder the people repose none in them!
Their brilliant orations, all froth, wind, and bother,
Are made but to flatter, deride, or condemn;
While a black sea of crime o'er the nation is surging,
And Want to foul vices the millions is urging,
And the ship of the state on a whirlpool is merging,
With naught but their *speeches* its torrents to stem.

The young plants are growing in hot-beds of evil,
Inhaling an air of blasphemy and sin,
And blossoming fast for the use of the devil;
For the sap that he loves is engendered within.
Ah, loathsome indeed is the fruit they are bearing;
Their young lips are bitter with cursing and swearing;
For thieving and lying, and fighting and tearing,
From all generations the prize they will win.

Yet parsons will tell how the Gospel is spreading,
And how Christianity blesses mankind,
While fast the broad road to perdition they're treading,
And leaving famed Sodom a long way behind.
Then, Saints, lift your voices, and ne'er think of tiring;
Behold, here's a world that with sin is expiring;
While angels and Gods, your devotion admiring,
Shall help you the truth-loving remnant to find.

Oh, Zion, thou nation to virtue devoted,
Thy far-scattered children are longing to come;
O'er thy fancied destruction the wicked have gloated,
But still thou dost flourish, our beautiful home!
Fair freedom has fled to thy rock-begirt dwelling;
The fate of the Kingdoms their present is telling;
Arise in thy splendor, earth's night-clouds dispelling,
And drive into chaos its blackness and gloom.



From a recent Photo by H. H. Thomas

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE

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The First-Born, the Resurrection and the Life*

By President Charles W. Penrose

When we have to part with so good a soul, so valiant a soldier in the army of the Lord, so warm-hearted and genial a companion and friend as Brother John A. Knight, we feel inex-pressibly sad. Not that we should mourn, as the term is generally used, but we feel sorry to have to say goodbye to him. All that has been said concerning his character and the certainty of a reunion with him is true. I bear testimony to it. The Spirit of the Lord, that giveth life and testimony, stamps these words upon our souls, and we feel that all the promises that have been made in the gospel, concerning the future of mankind, will be verified.

Sentiment of Sadness in Parting.

But at the same time, we can not help feeling a sentiment of

*Sermon at the funeral services of Patriarch John A. Knight, Eleventh ward chapel, Salt Lake City, 2 p. m., April 22, 1919. This sermon made a deep impression upon the large congregation and is printed in the *Era* by request of many hearers, and at the desire of the bereaved family. The force and inspiration attending its delivery were remarkable, considering the age of the beloved Church leader, who is in his eighty-eighth year. The discourse is only one among many of his published utterances during more than sixty-eight years of ministerial life, in which he traveled over many lands, sailed over many seas, and preached the gospel among many nations. He is still in active service with vigor and devotion unimpaired, rendering valuable counsel in the cause of the great Latter-day work. We present to our readers in this number a recent photograph of him, and also a poem written in London, England, in 1855, and published in the *Millennial Star* in 1858. The poem is reproduced now as a foreshadowing, at that early date, of events of recent occurrence. It is one of the many poetic contributions of President Penrose that has escaped general attention. It may be sung to the tune of "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon."—Editors.]

sadness and sorrow when we have to part with such a dear, good friend as our brother whose earthly remains lie before us here, this afternoon. I shall miss him very much, not as much as his family and immediate relatives will feel, but whenever I came to the Eleventh ward, even in the old times, when we were in the old building, just as much as lately when I have met him here, I have always felt glad to take him by the hand, and to feel that his spirit went with his body to me, and mine to him. There was a congeniality between us that I cannot express, neither could I explain, only that I know that it existed and I feel it today. I feel that he is my brother in the spirit; that he was my friend in the body and in the spirit; that he was a great soul. There was a personality about him different from other people. He was distinct as an individual, to me. I can see him now in mind, when I came to meeting here, and after the close to have him come up and say: "Brother Penrose, God bless you," and feel that he meant it, to feel that it went unto me and strengthened me. But he is gone. I am sorry that I shall not see him again in the flesh, but I feel sure that I will meet him in the spirit, when I pass away, and on that glad morning of the resurrection day, when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, and we shall appear with him in glory. I believe with all my heart that Brother Knight has fought the good fight and has kept the faith, and that he has finished his course. Now there is laid up for him a crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day, the day of his appearing in his kingdom.

Of course, it is not for me to judge in regard to this, nor to say what will become of Brother Knight in the sphere into which he has gone, what his work will be, who his associates will be, nor what will be his glory or power in the world to come. That is for the righteous Judge to determine, the Judge who is full of integrity and honor and justice and mercy, combined in their proper relationships, and he will deal out to all of us, when our proper time comes, that which belongs to us, that which we have merited by our good works with the aid of the Spirit of the Lord, that to which we are entitled as a beginning for our everlasting future. Some of us may be bereaved of such things here in this life, but the honors of this world are transitory. The honors that shall come to Brother Knight, and to us, if we are faithful and true, will be eternal and ever-increasing, worlds without end. Brother Knight has gone to his rest so far as his body is concerned,—and his spirit, too, in one sense of the term. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord"—so John the Revelator heard in that glorious vision that was given to him—"for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Rest in the Paradise of God.

Yes, that sweet rest that we sing about has come to him. No more earthly struggles and sorrows, no more earthly disappointments, no more pain of body or anguish of mind, no more fightings against the influence of the world, the flesh and the devil; but rest, sweet rest, with the just and the true and the good behind the veil, whose bodies sleep in the dust, but whose spiritual personality and existence continue, and they enjoy that which is to be enjoyed in that sweet place of rest commonly called "the Paradise of God." It has a sweet sound to me. I have long believed in Paradise. I believe that there is a rest prepared for the people of God, where their earthly sorrows and pains shall have fled forever, and where they shall enjoy the society of the good and the true without the intrusion of the wicked, the corrupt and the abominable, and where Satan has no power. It is the place where the light of the Lord shines, and where the best and noblest of earth, after passing away, congregate and associate and perform such works as are assigned unto them. Not that they will be resting in laziness, without anything to do. That would not be very much paradise or heaven to John A. Knight. He was accustomed to hard labor for many years, and he had to meet with a great many rebuffs and disappointments, struggles for existence and continuance. Now he will be at rest from these things, but that strong spirit in that stalwart body which commanded our admiration here on the earth, lives still. That is one of the thoughts that gives me comfort and joy, made so plain to us in the revelations of God, particularly in our latter days; that when the individual spirit leaves the body, he or she is the same person that dwelt in the body, only minus the earthly covering that was formed out of the earthly elements. The body goes back to the earthly elements, but the individual continues and is the same person.

The Personality of Christ.

There is a great deal about personality. A man may be good and true and faithful and loving to some people, and yet not so loving to us; but there is something about some men that is sweet and good, loving and lovable. Brother John A. had this spirit with him whenever I met with him. There are such personalities, and there are some that are not exactly in the same line, yet they are good and true and will obtain their reward. All that belongs to them, all that they have earned through overcoming, and serving God, will come to them, I am sure; for these are eternal verities, without beginning and without end. The truth shall never die; it never was born, it always was, and it is the truth that will exalt, as we have heard. But there is something about individuality. Take the personality of Jesus of

Nazareth: Was there ever on the earth any other individuality like his? I don't believe there was. I believe that he was specially the Son of God, that he was the Son of God in the spirit, that is, that he was born of God in the spiritual sphere—how many millions of ages ago I do not know; it is not revealed—and that he had wonderful experiences, for through him and by him and of him the worlds were made. So we are told by revelation; and he was the beginning of the creation of God in the spirit, so far as this race is concerned to which we belong. He was the Firstborn of our family of spirits. He says so. He told that in the revelation which you will find in the ninety-third section of the Doctrine and Covenants: "I was in the beginning with the Father, and am the Firstborn; ye were also in the beginning with the Father," he said, "that which is spirit." The part of us that is spirit was born in the eternal world, and we are the sons and the daughters of God, born of him or unto him; for the inhabitants of the worlds, we are told in revelations to us, were "begotten sons and daughters *unto* God." He is the great, eternal Father and him we worship. We believe in him and in his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came to the earth at the time appointed, as I think we all did. He came in what is called the "meridian of time," and he came for a purpose. He fulfilled that purpose; he was born of God here. Mary of the House of David was his mother, but the eternal Deity was his Father, and he is the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh.

Jesus is different from all the rest. What a personality he had! I don't know that we have ever had a proper likeness of him. It has been portrayed by painters, but a great deal of imagination has entered into their work. Wherever he went he carried an influence and a power different from other mortals. Even when he was a little boy, twelve years of age, you see him in the temple, conversing and debating with the doctors of divinity, the doctors of law, and he confounded them. The brightness of the Almighty was upon him, and he was born of him and manifested his power all through his life—what little we learn of it through the New Testament. We have the testimony of Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, all very valuable, and the testimonies of his apostles, but it is a very little that we have concerning him. Hence John said at the close of his writing: If all the things that he said and did were written, "the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Speaking of him as a personality, although he was a spirit in the beginning, in his body he had a mortal existence; but he was an exceptional Son, because he loved righteousness and hated iniquity; he did not sin, and guile was not found in his mouth. No, he was different from all the rest of us in that respect. He was different from all of his apostles who wor-

shipped him, who adored him, and those holy women who went to the sepulchre; they adored him, and his name has come down through the ages that have intervened. The influence and power of his name, what we have learned of his personality, have pervaded the nations of the world, and as the ages come and go he becomes more and more beloved.

Distinguished Personalities.

In a degree it is so with other men who are not so eminent as Jesus was. Take the Prophet Joseph Smith: All those who were familiar with him, they not only looked up to him for light and truth, and the revelations of God, they loved him, and there was about his personality something that carried him as a great and mighty and distinguished individual, different from his fellows. I find it so with other men.

There is Brother Brigham, as we familiarly recall him, many of us here—Brother Romney, in particular, knew Brother Brigham. He was a dear friend of mine, and I always prided myself on being a dear friend of his. He always called me by familiar names. There was something different in him, as compared with the others of the twelve around him—all good men, but there was something impressive about Brother Brigham, something so stalwart and mighty in his spirit that he impressed everybody who came into his presence. So it has been with others of our leaders. So it was with our leader, Joseph F. Smith, who recently passed away, whom I loved with all my heart, and who loved me from the first day we met, over in Liverpool, after I had been traveling about ten years in the ministry.

So with Brother Knight; there was something peculiar and impressive about him. He has gone from us, but he is the same person who has shuffled off this mortal coil. The earthly elements have gone down, or will go down to the ground, but he is the same person, and wherever he goes in the spirit world he will make a mark and he will be beloved. Let his family think of him that way. Do not think of him in the throes of pain and sorrow. Do not think of him lying in the coffin, for he is not there. Do not think of him as being in the grave, for he will not be there; but he is in the spirit world where there is no pain, no sorrow, no anxiety, unless it may be in thinking about what may become of his family. I do not know that he knows any more than we do about that. That remains to be seen. But, as one of the brethren has said, when we have finished our course we will be laid away for a time, but we will all come forth again.

The Doctrine and Philosophy of the Resurrection.

There are some who will not have to depart. The Apostle Paul wrote about them when he said, "We shall not all sleep, but

we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." For the trump shall sound, and the dead shall awake, and we who remain on the earth shall be caught up to meet the Lord. The dead in Christ shall rise first, then comes the quickening of those who remain on the earth, and they will be caught up to meet in the air. Let us look at that just a moment. Who is to be caught up in the air by his presence? It is the body that is to come forth. The dead in Christ shall rise first. In another place Paul tells us Christ is the first-fruit, afterwards those that are Christ's at his coming. So it is the body that is to be raised. Here is the body of Brother Knight, lying in that casket, and to all earthly vision, if we could see it from time to time, if we could look down into the ground, we would find it disintegrating; but there is something that we cannot explain that holds together and makes an affinity, one atom with another, something that brings them together and plants them into one organized body. Now, it is a remarkable fact that when the spirit leaves the body, when this change comes that we call death, all these particles try to get away from each other, all the particles that compose the body; but do they perish? Do they go into nothingness? No, no, the Lord has revealed that "the elements are eternal."

Therein begins, to me, the doctrine, the philosophy of the resurrection. Not one particle shall be lost. In the Book of Mormon we read that in the resurrection there shall not be anything lost of the body, that all shall be raised and not a hair of the head shall be lost, but all "restored to its proper and perfect frame." Well, how can that be? Why it can be, because these elements that were united together in that body are eternal. These extraneous particles that we get through eating and drinking, which we are casting off every moment of our lives, they pass away; but there are fundamental elements in the human body, not merely oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen and carbon, and the rest of these chemical substances that scientists talk about, and talk about very reasonably, too, not merely that, but they are held together by some influence and power, and we shall find, when we learn all about it, that there is an individuality in every atom or particle—I do not care what name you give to it; I mean the fundamental infinitesimal atoms or particles which compose the body. All these are brought together according to the laws of generation. There is an affinity between them; they have been accustomed to be together, and when they part there will be a desire, so to speak, in these elements to come together. At any rate there will be in operation a natural principle of affinity that needs nothing but the quickening, electrifying magnetic power of Jesus Christ, who is "the Resurrection

and the Life," to bring together again. His word shall go forth, and they shall come together and rise up on their feet, the bodies will be brought forth, and that will be the resurrection. That is what I would like you to reflect upon this afternoon.

Literal Resurrection Neither Impossible Nor Unscientific.

There is a heresy getting abroad in what is named "the Christian church," throughout so-called Christendom, and it is emphasized by scientists, that it is an utter impossibility for the body to be brought together again; that the atoms cannot be re-collected; that death is the end of man, so far as the body is concerned. When he dies his body is gone forever. But that is a fearful heresy; for one of the very fundamental principles of real Christianity is the resurrection from the dead. Jesus the Christ declares, himself, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Further he says, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves"—not the spirits of men merely—but "all that are in the graves, shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth," some in the resurrection of life, and others in the resurrection of damnation, or condemnation, a resurrection of the just and a resurrection of the unjust. But all shall be raised from the graves, as we read in the twenty-ninth section of our book of Doctrine and Covenants. The Lord declares that "they shall all come forth, yea, *even all*." This truth is made plain in ancient as well as modern scripture, that all shall be raised. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Then, when we do come forth we will recognize one another, because we will be the same persons. There is something in the substratum, so to speak, of our bodies that will be quickened by the Celestial or other glory, quickened by spirit instead of blood, and there will be in them particles that belong one to another, just as we will belong one to another through the ordinances of the gospel—the wife to the husband, the husband to the wife, the parents to the children, families grouped together again, to go on in an everlasting existence. So will it be with these bodies of ours.

My brethren and sisters, do not talk about impossibilities. Why, in this age of wonders that word is almost expunged from our own dictionaries, if we think for ourselves. What did we know a few years ago about wireless telegraphy? What did we know about the telephone? What did we know about the wonderful manifestations of electrical forces? Nothing at all, scarcely, but these are being developed and they are just little sparklings of the great shower of light and intelligence that shall be brought down from the sky before many years shall pass away. We will take the word of the Lord on these matters;

that is the best we can do. The Lord, himself, we are told, shall descend from heaven with a shout, and we who are alive and remain on the earth shall be caught up to meet him in the air; and all that are in the graves shall be quickened and come forth, some to glory and power and dominion and exaltation, and have kingdoms and dominion and principalities, and powers, worlds without end; and some shall come forth to shame—so the Book of the Lord says—and everlasting contempt. Some shall come forth in one degree of glory, and some in another, till they are all given what is coming to them; for they will be judged out of the things written in the books, according to their works.

The Resurrection as Natural as Birth.

These are a few ideas that I think are applicable on this occasion; and while I have this opportunity I want to impress on the minds of my friends the fact that the resurrection will prove to be just as natural as birth; that the coming together of those particles that belong to us and belong to one another, each in a distinct organization, although similar in many respects to others, and the formation or re-formation of our own personality, is just as sure as that we lay down our lives. As we rise in the morning from our night's rest, so it will be with us in the resurrection. What a blessing it shall be to this family to come together,—a father at the head of the household; and our brave boy, John M., who is going forth on his mission, to fight for the Lord, in the struggle of truth against error, and light against darkness, he will be there in his place, and his brothers and sisters by his side, and those, too, from whom they came on the earth, they will be there, every man in his place, every man to receive his own reward, every man and every woman to be himself and herself, with all the lovable qualities that they had while dwelling in mortality, but they will be intensified and glorified and beautified in immortality and eternity.

Emotions and Sentiments About the Soldier and the Missionary Dead.

God bless you my friends who are called to mourn! May peace be with you in your homes; and when you go to the grave and place this coffin there, do not feel for a moment that your loved one is there. The real person has parted from the body; for the body without the spirit is dead, and it is only the body that can be confined to the tomb. I regret that we have too much emotion and sentiment about the bodies of our dear ones. It is a splendid sentiment for some of those who desire to have the bodies of those heroes who fought for the liberty of mankind on the continent of Europe, who laid down their bodies, some through disease and others going "over the top,"

or being present on the battle front. They made a splendid record, their bodies repose in the ground, marked with some cross or device which designates where they lie. Now shall we want to have those bodies brought home, across the deep and across the mountains, just to be here in this little place called Utah? What for? Those brave fellows are not there; they are nearer to us than that; they are not down there, it is only the bodies with which they are done for a time, that lie there. So with our brethren who die in the mission field; should they be brought home, just to please some of our dear friends? It is to me a matter of sentiment, not of good sense. Still we want to gratify that desire, when we can; but their bodies are just as safe, for the resurrection, where they lie, as if they were brought here and put up in our City cemetery, just exactly. Their spirits are just as much alive, and the personality exists, whether the body lies there or is brought here. It seems to me that such a notion only fosters the idea that the person himself is in the casket that is brought home, which, of course, is untrue, for it is only the body. Another thing that it fosters is the idea that they cannot be resurrected over there; they have to come here to be resurrected. No such thing.

Christ the Resurrection and the Life.

There is not a spot on the face of the earth where the spirit and power of the resurrection cannot penetrate, not a spot of the globe. Christ is the Lord of all. He is the Lord of the earth. He bought it with his own blood. It is his, and he is the Resurrection and the Life; and those who are his at his coming will be called forth from the dust. This small globe on which we live is but a little bit of a twinkling star among the great creations of God, and his power is over all.

"I Know that My Redeemer Lives."

Now, I will not detain you longer. I thank the Lord and my friends for the privilege of saying a few words this afternoon. God bless this family. God bless all who mourn the loss of their loved ones; God comfort them. There is comfort in the song that was sung here—"I Know that My Redeemer Lives." What comfort there is in that blessed saying! What comfort it gives, because we know that he has power over all, and we know that he is our Friend, our Redeemer, our Savior; and as his body was raised from the dead, so shall our bodies be raised, and we will meet with our dear ones, and the sealing ordinances of the House of God which bind families in union, shall bring us together again, and we will have a splendid time throughout the eternities, worshiping God, serving him, doing good to one another, and rejoicing in the fulness and the light and glory of God, the Father, through Jesus Christ, his Son. Amen.

My Valley

By George Gardner

There are not many towns that would remind a pioneer of pioneer days. There are not many pioneers now to be reminded of those days; not many, but a few there are who know the ox team, the Indians, the hungry but happy, the cold but contented people of fifty years ago.

William Brown is one of these few. It was in 1862 that he was called to settle one of the remote corners of Utah. Brigham Young did well to call Bishop Brown to lead a little band of pioneers across the state. Bishop Brown gave the counsel of a wise father. He gave opportunity to the poor and the poor gave gratitude in return. He foresaw the needs of his little band and was prepared beforehand to meet them.

But the journey of three weeks was not made without hardship. And the Bishop had two families to take care of at the end of the journey: his own wife and three children, two young parents and their two children.

Neither were all the problems solved. There were crops to plant for the winter's food, while there was time to plant. There were houses to build before the snow. And it could be seen by the deep snow on the mountains that surrounded the little valley, that the winters were hard. There were the cattle. They could not be turned out for the winter on account of the Indians. They could not be wintered in the valley because there would be no hay. Then there was the delicate task of making peace with the Indians. The latter two were the ones that worried Bishop Brown.

The first week, while the other men were plowing the new fields, Brother Brown went in search of a place to winter the cattle, for the cattle were the one sure source of food, until they were established. He found this place in a little sheltered valley a few miles below the town. It was low and warm and grassy. It had a natural fence of high cliffs on the north and west, and willows and cottonwood for the other fence. So suited was it to their needs, the Bishop began fencing it on his exploration trip.

He was diligently cutting a Cottonwood, when a large Indian walked up quietly from behind. The Indian was tall, straight and well formed. His face was stoic but not savage.

The Indian stood silently for several minutes until Bishop

Brown leaned on his ax to get breath and wipe the sweat from his brow. On seeing the Indian, he turned around in surprise! There was a startled expression on his face, but the Indian stood unmoved. He said simply and quietly, "This is my valley."

"We make farm here, grow corn, make horses heap fat," Bishop Brown tried to explain. But the only answer from the Indian was, "This is my valley."

The little valley had seemed so necessary to the community that the Bishop had started to fence it, with never a thought that it could belong to anyone, as he explained to his wife when he returned home that night:

"The Indian took me so much by surprise that I hardly knew what to say. He could have killed me and taken my horse, and no one would have known what became of me. But you know, Martha, the Indians don't treat us like they do the emigrants who are going to California. They would have killed an emigrant and taken the saddle and horse in an instant. Most of the horses and cattle that Walker and his tribe have, were stolen from emigrants. It is 'cheaper to feed them than to fight them,' and I do think that we would better buy the little valley from the Indian. Of course, we haven't anything to spare, but we have more than the Indians here have, and there is an opportunity to get on good terms with them. I wish I had thought of it yesterday, but the Indian didn't give me time to think. He just said that it was his valley, and walked off. But there was a dignity in the way he said it. And I felt that it was his just as much as if he had said, that is my bow or my moccasin. We must pay him for the valley."

The Bishop was detained at home the next week, and other men built fence in the little valley. When the Bishop returned, he found the fencing nearly complete. He had gone down to complete it and make the deal with the Indians, as they had not been seen since the first visit of the lone Chief.

The Bishop was finishing the little gap in the lower end of the valley when he saw a lone Indian ride into the valley, not far from where he worked. The Indian gave a war whoop, and a small band came out of the gap at the end of the valley, and closed in behind the Chief.

The Bishop saw at once that they were on the war path, and that they had discovered him. It was clearly no time to buy valleys when they wanted his scalp. His horse was feeding in the creek-bottom, only a few yards from where he worked. And to get across the creek would mean a fair chance for safety. There was a good chance that his horse could outrun them to the camp. He dropped down into the creek-bottom and was on his horse in an instant. But his horse mired in

the beaver dams, when he started to cross. He was clearly trapped. He whirled his horse out on to the open as a shower of arrows passed over his head. The Indians closed in on him, but ceased to shoot when they saw that he was unarmed. When they had completely encircled him, one brave drew his bow but the Chief knocked it out of the brave's hand, with a quick stroke of his long arm.

"This is my valley," he said again, as he turned to Bishop Brown.

The Bishop was ready with his offer to buy this time, but it had come too late. He was marched off to the care of the squaws. The Chief took the braves to a little circle about a rod away and held council. They sat nearly an hour in the circle. The Bishop counted them a number of times. There were thirty in the circle, and the three squaws. Finally they sent for Brother Brown.

"Some white men take our land", he began, as he sat cross-legged in the circle. "They deserve to die. Some white men give my people meat and flour, when the winters are long and there is much snow. We let them live. Some white men go through our valleys, have many cattle, many horses, many wagons. When they see Indian alone they shoot him. They deserve to die. Some white men are great liars. They deserve to die. If you tell us the truth you may live."

"How many people in your camp?"

Brother Brown answered that there were twenty women and girls and forty boys and men.

The Chief laughed, "We make them heap poor, but you may live."

The Indians at once made ready for the journey, and two scouts were sent on ahead. The Chief took Brother Brown's horse and followed with the braves, about half a mile behind. While Bishop Brown was made to walk and carry moccasins with the squaws. They followed close behind the warriors. As they trudged along one of the squaws occasionally punched Bishop Brown with her walking stick and laughed.

"Masta Shele," (White man heap poor now).

Father Brown was not used to walking, and he soon grew very tired. His face, a few hours ago so pleasant and happy, now had lines of weariness and anxiety.

He tried in many ways to get to speak with the Chief; but the squaws only laughed as they poked him with their sticks.

"Masta Shele. Masta Shele!"

They seemed to consider it their main duty to keep their prisoner from annoying the Chief. They were nearing the town and he had had no chance to talk with the Chief.

Suddenly the braves dismounted and sat on the ground,

raised up and sat on the ground again. It was an answer from the scouts, who stood by a clump of trees on a little hill. The scouts had sighted the camp and signaled the braves. The braves mounted again, and the march went silently on.

At the top of the hill the Bishop saw his little camp. It was not more than a half a mile away. The covered wagons stood by a little grove of quaking aspens. Near the grove was a small mountain lake, smooth as glass and clear blue. The sun, though nearly set, was still shining on the higher knolls which were covered with tall bunch grass. In the upper end of the valley a small bunch of deer were crossing. They had seen the Indians and were bounding away to the timber for safety. Between the camp and the Indians were the cattle. A few young men were letting them feed lazily along into a natural corral. The corral was made by two deep ravines which lay close together a hundred yards down the hill. A little farther down they widened and met in a V shape near the camp.

It was a beautiful sight. The Bishop had never seen it from that view before. As he looked down at the cattle, the Chief confronted him, almost as suddenly as he had done the week before.

"Do sixty white men own so many cattle, or have you lied to me?" the Indian demanded, not savagely, but sternly.

There did appear to be many cattle as they wound slowly toward the camp.

"Call those men up," the Chief demanded of the Bishop. The Bishop hesitated, and then stepped out into the open to call the boys. Two of them heard, and rode up on the top of the hill. The others did not appear to hear, but rode down to the camp below. As soon as the two boys reached the Indians, their horses were taken. They were marched to the side of Brother Brown, and a young Indian was ordered to help the squaws guard the three prisoners. What hope the Bishop may have had of getting to talk with the Chief, when the boys arrived seemed to have vanished. As soon as they were under guard, the Chief sent his sub-Chief with two more down to gather up some cattle. The cattle had reached the corral and most of them entered when the Indians reached them. The Indians hurriedly rounded up a small band and had started them toward the entrance of the corral. As they did so, the Indians on the knoll mounted their ponies. Two of the braves took those brought in by the young men, while the Bishop and two young men and the three squaws were placed on small, bony ponies.

The Bishop continued to assure the boys that there would be some way of escape opened up. He explained that he had called them in hopes that the three could affect a treaty with the Indians and prevent an attack on the town.

"We'll get away some way. We have prevented the attack on the town that would have been made if you hadn't come after you had seen us."

"The men will soon follow us," one of the boys answered. "James dropped into the ravine and went to notify them, as we came up the hill. The Indians couldn't see him. The men will probably cut through the hills and hide in the canyon below the valley we fenceed last week. A fight there will be much better than one in the camp. It will be away from the women and children, and our men will have the advantage of the surprise. I think they can make it all right. The Indians will find it some hindrance driving the cattle. You see those bucks are not out of the corral yet."

"They're taking quite a bunch," the Bishop replied. "See, there are some of the boys in the ravine. See their heads just sticking out above the bank!"

As the Bishop spoke, a dozen men climbed out on the bank and closed in on the three Indians who were crowding the cattle out of the corral gap. The surprise was complete. The three Indians were prisoners before they knew what had happened.

At the same instant, Captain Andrews called loudly, "Tell the Chief we will exchange prisoners."

The Chief understood, and rode over to his prisoners. The braves crowded around menacingly. But all the while more heads were stuck up over the banks. The Chief saw his position, but did not give in. He did not speak.

"Turn the Indians loose!" Bishop Brown called to Captain Andrews.

"Do you think it is safe, Bishop?" the Captain called back.

"Yes, it's all right, Captain Andrews."

The line of men at the corral parted, and the Indian prisoners went safely up the hill to their Chief.

"You 'Mormon' Bishop?" the Chief inquired of Bishop Brown.

The Bishop saw his opportunity and arranged for a council.

A few minutes later the Bishop and Captain Andrews were sitting on the green grass with the Chief and his sub-Chief, half way between the corral and the little band of Indians on the hill.

A treaty was formed. The Bishop agreed to give two beefes each Fall and ten sacks of flour each Spring for five years, to pay for the little valley.

"Your valley, now," the Chief said, as they rose from the green grass.

The Chief and sub-Chief were given supper at the Bishop's that night, and provisions were sent to those who camped on the hill.

The treaty was never broken. For many years the Chief came each Spring and Fall. He was always made welcome, and each time he carried away some present from Bishop Brown.

Logan, Utah

The Cost

By William Halls

In the commercial world cost and quality correspond; if we get a good thing, we pay a good price. In the industrial world, for good service, we pay a good price. Also in the intellectual world, to get education we pay the price, self-effort. A rich father, who also has much knowledge, may leave his wealth to his son, but not his knowledge; that cannot be bought with money, nor be bequeathed from father to son. A good education is gained at great cost.

But when we cross the border into the moral world, this rule will not apply; the order is reversed: that of the least value costs the most. Evil costs more than good; vice, more than virtue; bad habits, more than good; bad company, more than good; dissipation and self-indulgence, more than temperance and self-control. To use tobacco and strong drink costs money. We can do without them for nothing. To go out at night and seek idle pleasure costs more than to stay at home and go to bed. Pride and extravagance cost more than humility and thrift; to break a moral law may cost us money, time and liberty; we can keep the law for nothing. The yoke of Christ is easy, the burden light; the yoke of Satan is hard, the burden heavy. Saloons cost more than churches; war, more than peace; to drift down in the broad road to death, than to climb the narrow way to life. It costs three times more to win souls, than to save them; surely the way of the wicked is hard.

The remedy for this condition is wisdom. Knowledge is power; but, without wisdom, it may be used for evil, as shown by the late war. Knowledge may choose the good or the evil, wisdom always chooses the good. Wisdom will seek knowledge; without which it cannot act. We must know good and evil to be able to choose. We may gain knowledge by study, observation and experience, but not wisdom; we might learn it by experience and suffering, but few do so. There is no human institution organized to teach wisdom. It comes from God by inspiration. If any man will go to God in humility and ask for wisdom, with a desire to do God's will, he will receive an answer to his prayer, and will be shown the way to secure present and eternal happiness, and the yoke will be easy and the burden light.

Mancos, Colorado



Scenes About Garden City on the Bear Lake

Bear Lake, the Beautiful

By Ezra J. Poulsen

Bear Lake is one of Nature's beauty spots. Tranquilly nestled among the highlands of northern Utah and Southeastern Idaho, it is a byway where the traveler loves to linger, and where the music of the wild is ever resounding. Sky and lake and mountains, alike are radiant with the colorful harmony of the Great Artist whose handiwork is always good.

The tourist who motors over the Logan road from the west, and gets his first glimpse of the placid water mirror, surrounded by its rim of verdant hills, cannot fail to be enthusiastic in his admiration. And most certainly will this be true if that exquisite experience occurs in the glow of a summer sunset, or in the smiling brightness of a sunrise. Then there are other ways to be introduced to Bear Lake. One may approach from the south, *via* Laketown canyon; or from the north, traversing the entire length of the fertile Bear Lake valley; but the result is always the same,—it is Bear Lake, the beautiful.

A number of inviting stopping places nestle among the shady nooks along the western shore line to lure the passerby to Elysian rest; and it is a rare joy, indeed, to loll away the hours, fanned by the gentle zephyrs from the hills and the water, while the sunlight and the shadows play hide and seek in the folds of Nature's garments.

The oldest established resort is Fish Haven, with its wide-spreading cottonwoods and russet birches. From early pioneer times, it has been the rendezvous of many a picnic of the good, old-fashioned Sunday school and old folks type. The green-sward, under the trees, is ideal for camping, and numerous are the revelries that have livened those verdant groves in the days that are gone. Of late years an aspect of modernity has been invading the quietude of Fish Haven. Through the enterprising operations of the Stocks brothers, a new pavilion now stands on the grounds, and a number of summer cottages have been built. The result is altogether pleasing, for the convenience of the new unites with the charm of the old to make the place attractive.

A few miles southward, at Swan Creek, the new Lakota is becoming a favorite stopping place. It has a big, hot water swimming pool, and commodious grounds that melt into rare vistas of mountain and water. "Lakota" is an Indian name, meaning silvery waters; and no one can experience one of its

magnificent moonlight nights without feeling it to be all that the name suggests. Another attraction of the vicinity is the Swan Creek spring, a torrent of mountain water, rising in a crystal pool from its bed of solid rock; thence it rushes in cascades and reaches to meet the lake a short distance away.

But pass on still southward to Ideal Beach, located on the big bend that marks the southern terminus of the lake. Here the view is majestic, and a most ambitious little resort is to be seen. In fact, there is something ocean-like about Ideal Beach, with its glistening sands, and sea breezes. The small bungalow hotel is always full to overflowing during the open season, as are the summer cottages and tents. The Oldtown canoes likewise are kept busily afloat, and the balmy afternoons see the glassy water filled with bathers.

Wherever you go along the meandering lake shore, you find the way an unending delight. The road is a gray ribbon of dustless hardpan that weaves a border between the green slopes of the hills and the blue water. There are miles of variegated scenery; sometimes widening into quiet, sequestered villages: sometimes narrowing to the mere width of the roadway; but always including a rich expanse of earth, water, and silken sky.

Bear Lake is still in the bloom of springtime when the lower altitudes are baking in the heat of early summer; and even during the sultry days of July and August it never loses the soothing coolness that is one of its most subtle charms. The evening breezes, ozone laden, and mingled with the scent of fresh water, often stir the air into drowsy movements that are magic in their refreshing power; and even in the absence of the breeze, the swift, oncoming night is always cool and fragrant; and slumber is an undisturbed joy.

When the heat of Summer is oppressive, and when the ways of toil have become irksome; if you would rest, and be free, amid surroundings that God intended to be a haven of delight, go to Bear Lake.



Their Children's Children

By Annie D. Palmer

It was the fault of the doctor's wife—these years of estrangement that ought to have been friendship; it was her fault that caused much of the bitterness in the life of Mrs. Jackson, her fault that gave sadness of heart to her own loved son. And yet nobody would say that the doctor's wife was to blame. Let us begin at the beginning.

There were so many children in the doctor's neighborhood; and partly because the doctor's little Ted and Elsie were attractive, and more because they had so many pretty things to play with, these many little folks were almost constantly assembled somewhere on the doctor's premises. Usually they were in the parlor, or on the flower beds, or in the cellar helping themselves to cookies or tarts. Otherwise they were on the front lawn, which was kept so constantly stepped down that it scarcely ever needed cutting.

On this particular morning, in late Maytime, some of the larger ones of the group had invented a slide which was a great attraction out by the barn. The front of the chicken coop was about eight feet high. One of the boys had brought an old tent and nailed one side of it securely to this high side of the roof. By holding the other side of the canvas so that the center would not reach the ground they had a splendid slide from the top of the roof down. They had arranged some boxes on the lower side so that they could climb up easily, and they took turns at shooting and holding the "shoot." No wonder there was quiet about the lawn and garden.

On the other side of the block, with their back yard on the other side of the chicken fence, lived the Jacksons. They were poor. At least they owned very little of what is legally termed taxable property. They did own the little shack in which they lived, and the plot of ground two and a half by nine rods on which it stood. That was their home. They owned it and did not owe for it. But Ben Jackson's wages for section work were small, and there were four little Jacksons to feed and clothe. Martha always insisted on naming these next to her husband when they "counted their blessings;" and when they were all well, Martha would never have it that they were really poor.

The Jackson children had watched the fun across the chicken yard until it was irresistible. Then they had gone

quietly out at the front gate, around to the other side of the block, in through the beaten way by Dr. Cram's, and were well on their way to the slide when Mrs. Cram saw them. Mrs. Jackson saw them at about the same time, and as it was their first venture in that direction, she waited to see how they would be received.

Everyone who knew these little girls gave them credit for being exceptionally well behaved and kind to one another. To Martha Jackson they were almost the acme of perfection. She had let them put on their Sunday dresses this Monday morning, because the dresses would have to go in the wash on Wednesday; and they had their hair combed and tied with gay, blue ribbons to correspond with the Sunday clothes. To Martha they were a perfect picture of sweetness and innocence, as they faced her on their way up the doctor's roadway.

But Mrs. Cram saw differently. Coming out on the screen porch to look for her children, she saw four new visitors to her already overvisited premises. The new ones walked abreast, timidly holding one another by the hand, and the little wobbly legs of the baby were not more wobbly than was every line of the funny little blouses ad skirts they wore. Even the attempt at Dutch-cut hair wobbled. Mrs. Cram's quick eye saw it all at a glance. Then she saw the slide, heard the children's eager call to the newcomers, saw them drop Ted down, saw Elsie scrambling up; and Mrs. Cram was not long on the way to the scene of action.

“Ted, come here!”

“Look, mamma, look!” shouted Baby Elsie as she scrambled over the edge of the roof in utter fearlessness.

The mother shuddered at the danger, but the children lifted the canvas and Elsie laughed and scrambled out.

“Come here!”

Elsie and Ted never waited when their mother said it that way. They ran now and took her by the hands. Then she added:

“Now you must stay inside until this ‘riffraff’ has gone home.”

Martha Jackson called several of the larger children to the fence and spoke to them softly.

“Let's take the slide down, boys, so nobody will get hurt!”

“And so Ted can come out and play again!”

“And Elsie, too!”

So they called in happy chorus, and nobody was injured. The Jackson children went home immediately just as they had come, four abreast and holding hands. Did we say nobody was injured? Then we forgot the hurt of patient Martha Jackson and that was one that struck very deep indeed.

"So my children are 'riffraff,'" she said to herself. "*'Riffraff—riffraff!'*"

* * * * *

"Mama, Fontella was out by the gate when I came by, crying as hard as she could because her papa is dead! And Fontella was nearly frozen, too, and she wouldn't go in the house!"

Teddy Cram spoke excitedly and with much feeling for a boy of ten years, and his mother gave ear at once.

"And who is Fontella, dear? And why wouldn't she go in the house?" she asked.

"Why, Fontella Jackson. She says her mama cried all night, and they're going to have a funeral tomorrow and—mama, can I take Fontella a cookie?—a hot one, mama, to warm her hands?"

"Sure, you may. You may take some for the little brothers and sisters, too."

"They haven't any brothers, mama."

"No?"

"No—only girls. Rhea and Maud are the biggest, and Fontella is in my grade in school, and Celia is the size of Elsie, and—I can't remember the baby's name, it's such a funny one. Mamma, our grade is going to send some flowers. Can I have a dime?"

"Yes, dear; and you would better take over the whole pan of warm cookies. I can make some more for you and Elsie," answered Mrs. Cram, whose mother heart was sadly touched by the interest of her child.

When he had gone out with the cookies she went to the telephone and rang her husband's office.

"Fred, do you know the Jacksons that live in this neighborhood?"

"Yes. The man died yesterday afternoon. A happy relief, too. He has been in the hospital for three months, and I have known all along that there wasn't a ghost of a show for him."

"They are very poor, aren't they, Fred?"

"Seemingly, yes. I suppose I shall have to make a reduction—cut the bill in two maybe—and it's doubtful that I'll ever get the other half. Why did you ask about them?"

"Teddy seems so sorry for one of the little girls, who is a classmate of his."

"Oh, I see. Well, they seem to be very nice people, and they are neighbors. Suppose you order up a nice bunch of carnations or roses and let Ted present them."

Whether from an impulse of generosity or from a desire to give pleasure to her boy, or from both combined, the idea met

with the hearty approval of Mrs. Cram. Hastily she closed the conference with her husband and called up the florist.

She had never bought roses before at the price the florist now asked for them, but it was so near to Christmas they were sure to be high. She glanced out at the window and saw Ted coming up the snowy path—her beautiful, manly Ted. Mentally she added to the picture an armful of American Beauty roses, tied with a big bow of white satin ribbon; and before Ted opened the front door the order was given.

Three days after the funeral Mrs. Jackson received a bill for the hearse for five dollars. That set her thinking, and she began to figure. The figures that presented themselves were appalling. How could she ever meet all those obligations? Why had she been forced into a debt that she could not pay in ten years? Oh, how foolish it was! And yet how could she have avoided it? Ben had had so many friends, and they had expressed their love, in gifts of flowers. Her own kind friends, in the sympathy of their hearts, had sent flowers. The children's teachers and schoolmates had sent flowers. And when so many beautiful tributes had been brought, it had looked ridiculous that she should wear a shabby dress and her old brown hat. So she had ordered new ones. Rhea's coat, which might have served through the winter for school, would not do to wear to her father's funeral with all those flowers. The two little girls would have to have shoes and hoods; they always stayed at home and had nothing to go out in. And then, the casket! What would the friends think—the friends who sent such beautiful flowers—what would they think of the plain, pine coffin which had been ordered? It would not do. The order was cancelled and a plush-covered casket with silver trimmings, that cost four times the price, was purchased, with the understanding that it could be paid in monthly installments.

Mrs. Jackson could see it all now, the hollowness and the folly of it, now that she was facing life alone with five helpless little children. And the flour bin was empty, and there was coal for only two or three days.

It did not take her long to sum up her resources. She could wash and she would begin at once. Perhaps Dr. Cram would let her pay his bill that way.

"I suppose that is what 'riffraff' is for," she said, bitterly.

Just then Mrs. Pierson was ushered in by one of the girls. Mrs. Pierson was the wife of one of the richest farmers in the country. What could Mrs. Pierson want at the Jackson home? The fine lady was not there long before her errand was made known, nor long after, either, for that matter. She had heard of the death of Ben Jackson, of the poverty of the family, of the well-behaved little girls. As she had no children of her own

and could give such a good home to one of the little girls, she felt sure the mother would be glad to give her the light-haired one—

"What do you mean, Mrs. Pierson?" The mother had listened in blank amazement until she could listen no longer, "What do you mean? Is motherhood so light a thing that it can be shifted from one woman to another?"

"But would you not rather see the little girl in a good home, well cared for? You will not be able to get bread for so many."

"Mrs. Pierson," said Martha, rising up in the full dignity of her motherhood, "God gave these blessed little girls to me, and he will provide some way for me to take care of them. It is true that you have every luxury that wealth can buy, but you couldn't buy one of my children for all you possess—not while I can lift a hand to work for their support. And you can take that as final from Martha Jackson. Good-bye."

"You are a strange woman. Good-bye."

Mrs. Pierson went grandly on her way, and Mrs. Jackson gathered her little family literally "as a hen gathereth her chickens." She must needs put her arms about them singly and in group that she might feel their warmth and love for her support.

She sat thus in her one rocking chair, holding them all close about her, when the Relief Society visitors came to inquire about her needs and see if they could render assistance.

"No, thank you," stoutly answered the brave little woman. "We shall get on. I can't think of accepting help from the society, not so long as there are nails on my fingers. I can work, and if the kind Father in heaven will give us health I can take care of my children."

"But, Sister Jackson, what will you do?" the visitors asked.

"I shall wash at present, till I find something better. Perhaps you can find some regular patrons whom I can serve in that way. I will bring washing home and so be able to take care of my little ones at the same time."

And so they left her, resolute and brave to the last degree.

Ten years went by. Ten years of prosperity and happiness for Dr. Cram and his household, ten years of toil and hardship and incessant struggle for the Jacksons. But the little mother could now look back upon it all and feel that the worst was really over. She had paid up all the debts and could now laugh about what she called "the tragedy of the flowers." She had kept the children in school until the two older girls were able to earn good salaries, Rhea as a teacher, and Maud was bookkeeper in a large store. And they had weather-boarded and painted the shack, and built an addition of two rooms and a bath. True she had many times washed and mended the children's clothes after they went to bed at night when she, too, should have been in

bed; and many times she had given them a piece of bread and sugar or molasses for breakfast and again for supper. But they rarely went without a good warm dinner, and they were well and grew in spite of the hardships.

Only once in all these years had Martha Jackson spoken to Mrs. Cram, and that was to ask if she might not do the family washing to pay for the medical treatment given to her husband. After that, for two years, one of the little girls went for the clothes regularly every week, and took them back when they were dry, always with the same injunction not to stay one minute after the errand was done. Mrs. Cram must never have a chance to call them "riffraff" again.

School days were nearing their close, their real close for Fontella Jackson, the year's close for Ted Cram. The girls were busy and excited in the preparation for their party. Girls' Day in the Grant High School always came about six weeks before the close. On that day one of the girls was crowned queen, and she had a veritable reign of popularity from then till the close of the year. The girls always chose partners for the ball in the evening, and so for this one time in all the year expressed their preferences freely. Happy, indeed, was the young man whose "best girl" invited him to this dance—it was considered about as good as answering "yes" to a proposal of marriage.

It was five o'clock on Friday afternoon, two weeks before Girls' Day. The girls were in the assembly room talking over business and electing their queen by secret ballot. The boys stood about the halls in noisy groups. Finally a loud applause was heard in the assembly room. Then the door was flung open and the girls poured forth.

"Fontella." The word was given by one of the foremost girls, and repeated by several of the boys. Immediately the yell master got in and led in shouting that made the great building ring from basement to roof.

"Rah, rah, rah! Rah! rah! rah! Rah, rah, rah! Fontella! the queen!"

Before the echo of the shouts had died away, Ted Cram was on his way home. Ted was a popular young man at school and he was afraid of his popularity. There was but one young woman among the students that he wanted to go to the girls' dance with, and he did not want to hurt any one else. His only refuge was Elsie. Her he hailed excitedly when she came home a half hour later.

"Invite me to the dance, will you, sis?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"So I can say I've had an invitation."

"What if some one else invites you?"

"I'm hoping some one will. Fontella, for instance."

"Queen Fontella. I just walked home with her.

"Did she say anything about—"

"About inviting you? Well, not exactly. She spoke about Frank Sharp."

"Frank Sharp be hanged."

"He probably wouldn't care for it."

"Some one of the girls will be sure to invite me tomorrow. May I say I have had an invitation?"

"What if Fontella should—"

"Then I am to be free to accept and you will invite some one else."

"I see, you want to hold me as a sort of screen to dodge behind in case of danger. Well, if you'll buy me three yards of light blue ribbon five inches wide, I'll do it."

"It's settled. Buy your ribbon and I'll pay for it."

The Jackson girls had heard of their sister's popularity and eagerly awaited her arrival from school.

"Isn't it splendid, Fontella?" said Maud kissing her as she came in.

"Rah, rah, rah! Fontella!" shouted Rhea.

"The Jacksons! the Jacksons!" yelled the younger girls in chorus, as the whole family, mother included, surrounded the high school's favorite in the old time "Bunch of rags."

"Whom will you choose for prince, Fontella?" asked Maud when they had caught their breath.

"There is only one real prince among my friends. He is—"

"Teddy Cram!" said Rhea. "Have you invited him?"

"No, I haven't, not yet."

"He is a perfect figure for the part," suggested Maud, "and so clean, and so gallant!"

"I wish you would not invite Mr. Cram," Mrs. Jackson spoke quietly, but in a decided way.

"Why, mother, why not? asked Fontella in disappointment.

"Sit down, girls, and I'll tell you," said the mother, and when they were seated around her she related the story of the visit to the "slide" as it happened in the days of long ago.

"I determined then that she should never again have a chance to say 'riffraff' about a child of mine, concluded Mrs. Jackson, and I don't want you to give her the chance now."

The girls felt somewhat indignant, but it was so long ago, that much of the force was lost by time; and the Crams had been so good to them that more was lost by kindness. So the old hurt which still seemed so cruel to the mother was of very little consequence to the younger generation.

"I might invite Joe Jarvis," mused Fontella. "He is a good student and deserves more notice than he gets."

"Or Sam Butler," said Maud.

"Either of them would spoil the queen's dance by awkwardness," said Fontella. "Ted dances so well."

Mrs. Jackson said no more. Experience had taught her that the best way to govern her girls was to make known her desires and leave the working out of it to themselves.

Conversation drifted to the details of the party dress. The party was two weeks off anyhow, and it was perfectly legitimate for the queen to wait until the last day but one to invite her partner.

During the first week Teddy Cram kept up his spirits by sheer force of will. But when Monday of the last week had come he began to grow miserable. He had a right to expect this courtesy of Fontella, if she cared for him at all, and he did so hope she cared.

"You see, mother," he confided that morning, "I never can ask her to go out with me again if she takes someone else on Friday. It amounts to a regular 'turn down' and everyone understands it so. I have taken her out off and on ever since we entered high school, and it certainly hurts to be treated this way at the last."

"Have you offended her in any way?" asked his mother.

"Can't think of a thing. Sis says Fontella just intimated that her mother is concerned."

From that time Ted became uncommunicative, sullen. On Thursday morning he said:

"Get another partner, sis. I can't attend the ball. I have a splitting headache and—"

"But the ball is not tonight. Your head will be better."

"No, it won't. It will be worse. I can't go." Elsie knew and she sympathised deeply. She felt like asking her friend to come to the rescue. But the Crams as well as the Jacksons were proud.

For four days, Mrs. Cram had been trying to figure out what Mrs. Jackson's objections might be. Now she decided to visit the Jackson home and try to find out. As a pretext for the visit she would ascertain what were Fontella's favorite flowers in order that she might send her a bouquet for girls' day.

Timidly Mrs. Cram knocked on the frame of the wide open door of the Jackson home. In all the years they had been neighbors she had never before crossed its threshold. She did so now on a secret mission seeking to find relief from the pain that was rending the heart of her son. Mr. Jackson met her cordially and gave her a chair.

"You will think my visit strange, Mrs. Jackson, but I want, because of the friendship of our children, to present your daughter with some flowers for her coronation. I am desirous of

giving the kind that will please her most. Can you tell me what—”

Mrs. Cram hesitated. Her eyes were fixed on a photograph that lay on the table before her.

“I really do not know, Mrs. Cram. I think she would like any flowers you should send.”

There was a dead silence for three minutes. Mrs. Cram kept her eyes on the photograph, while her frame shook with emotion. Mrs. Jackson looked on in wonder and surprise. At last the doctor’s wife recovered herself.

“Excuse me, Mrs. Jackson,” she began, “who are these men?”

“The one on the right,” answered Mrs. Jackson, “is my father. The other—”

“The other is my father,” interrupted Mrs. Cram. “David and Johnathan my mother has told me they were always called.”

“Were you Priscilla Daniels?”

“Yes, and you were Marilla Moore, (Martha Marilla) the little girl I used to play with in that first sad summer after the explosion. Do you remember the large locket my mother used to wear?”

“Yes, and the links of the odd chain on which she wore it.”

“That locket contains her picture in one side and that of her dearest friend, your mother, in the other side. Come home with me, I will show it to you.”

They forgot about the flowers, they forgot about the injuries, they forgot everything except the old days when they played together—the old happy days before the awful accident, the old sorrowful days after it, when both were fatherless.

“And to think we have lived so near and have never renewed that friendship,” said Mrs. Cram, “what pleasures we have missed that should have been ours.”

“The children have been trying to unite us,” said Mrs. Jackson. “It has been hard to keep them apart.”

“Why should we try?” asked Mrs. Cram; and emboldened now by the warm friendship they had renewed she added: “Nothing on earth could afford me more pleasure than to have my son attend the girls’ ball as escort to the beautiful queen, Fontella.”

“She only awaits my approval to invite him,” admitted the other mother. “So, if you desire it, we will let the friendship of our fathers be renewed and grow to the completest measure of friendship—in their children’s children.

Provo, Utah



Mrs. Betsy Smith Goodwin, of Beaver, Utah

The Tired Mother: Pioneer Recollections

By Mrs. Betsey Smith Goodwin

[Betsey Smith Goodwin was born March 7, 1843, in Dundee, Scotland. On December 1, 1859, she married Isaac H. Goodwin, who died about twenty-five years ago, during which time Mrs. Goodwin has been a widow. She was president of the Beaver West ward Relief Society for upwards of eight years. They lived at Lehi, at Cache Valley, having moved there in 1862, then to Escalante in 1876, to Wayne county in 1883, and she to Beaver in 1893. Her husband died at Thurber. They had nine children, five of whom were dead and four were living at the time of her writing, in 1916. She is at present a resident of Beaver.—Editors.]

How well I remember when my mother, Marjorie McEwan Bain Smith, said: "Girls, let us try to go to the Valley next season with the hand carts. I have a letter from your brother Robert A. Bain." Robert, by the by, was the eldest son of my mother. We lived in Scotland, but he had been a traveling elder in England and had worked his passage as cook over the sea. He drove a team across the plains and had arrived safely at Salt Lake City, so my mother told us. Furthermore, she said: "He is located thirty miles south of Salt Lake City at a place named

Lehi, and has taken a farm to work on shares, whose owner has gone on a mission to Europe. He says he is trying to raise as much as he can for our comfort. He bids us exert ourselves to emigrate, next season, and says he will pray while we work."

We girls laughed at what mother said, as girls would, and exclaimed that he had "the easiest job." But the spirit of gathering to Zion was strong upon us, and we worked at our looms by day, our fancy work by night, and saved the proceeds. By this means, we gathered enough in six months to pay our passage across the sea; and in many ways we realized that God helps those who help themselves.

In view of all this, we finally took a last farewell of the sacred graves of our dead, the Govan braes and the heather hills of Scotland, and on the third day of the beautiful month of May, in 1856, we embarked on the ship *Thornton*, from Liverpool, England, leaving the steam loom mills, the shores of Great Britain, our beloved native land, and dear old Scotland, for the gospel's sake. After six or seven weeks' sailing, seasickness, and stormy weather, we landed in New York City, registered at the Castle Garden, and in a few days we reached Iowa, by rail.

There we camped for weeks, waiting for the handcarts to be completed for the journey. While there, I was so sick with scarlet fever that I could not open my eyes. I heard Sisters Henderson and McPhail say, "I am sorry she is dying; another death in camp soon!" One baby had just died. I seemed to know that they were speaking of me, and when mother came in from the camp-fire, with warm broth, she saw the tears in my eyes.

"Are you worse?" she asked me.

"Mother, they think I am dying; I want to live and go to the Valley."

My dear mother; at that time in her fifty-second year, then went and brought the elders, who administered to me and rebuked the disease, commanding it to leave both me and the camp. My recovery was rapid. I was able to travel, and on the 15th day of July, 1856, we rolled out of the Iowa City camp, on our way to cross the plains with handcarts. Our captain was James Gray Willie, and his counselors were Millen Atwood and Levi Savage. There were 120 handcarts and six wagons, and about five hundred people, sixty-six of whom died on the journey.

We soon became accustomed to traveling twenty and twenty-four miles a day. My little brother, six years of age, used to travel that distance, by me taking his hand to encourage him, and by telling him stories of the future and the good things in store for us.

Around the camp-fire we had very good times. There was Brother Burt, Brother David Anderson and others, and our girls,

From a Painting by L. A. Ramsey

Storm Scene on the Plains—Hand Cart Company



who sang the old songs and hymns that warmed our hearts. While fair weather and full rations lasted, we were all right. We traveled five weeks, never stopping for a Sunday. Then we were in the buffalo country. Our cattle, that had hauled the provision wagons, and some cows were then stampeded by the Indians, it was supposed. At the stampeding place we camped five days; the men went in all directions seeking for the lost cattle. Only a few were found. Our captain then thought we



A Burial on the Plains

had done wrong in not stopping to worship on the Sabbath day, for we had lost more than we had gained.

Following this experience, we kept sacred the Sabbath day for worship and rest, and felt better for it. Owing to the loss of the cattle, there was added to the load of each cart one hundred pounds of flour.

September came, and we were on half rations and had cold weather, but we never forgot to pray, and we sang, "Come,

Come, Ye Saints," with great zeal and fervor. We realized that we needed the help of God to see us through. Many were dying from the hardships of the journey.

Let me add that I stood by a grave where sixteen people were buried at once; they were sewed up in sheets and covered with brush, then with earth and ashes. This happened during a very cold spell, and I think it was while we were coming through the Black Hills. I froze my fingers, but they were saved by good attention when we got to Lehi. At the same time, my mother traveled fifteen miles with little Alex on her back, as he couldn't walk in the snow.

I will not dwell upon the hardships we endured, nor the hunger and cold, but I like to tell of the goodness of God unto us. One day, especially, stands out from among the remainder. The wind blew fresh, as if its breezes came from the sea. It kept blowing harder until it became fierce. Clouds arose, the thunder and lightning were appalling. Even the ox teams ahead refused to face the storm. Our captain, who always rode a mule, dismounted and stepped into the middle of the road, bared his head to the storm, and every man, as he came up, stood by him with bared head—one hundred carts, their pullers and pushers, looking to their captain for counsel. The captain said, "Let us pray." And there was offered such a prayer! He told the Lord our circumstances, he talked to God, as one man talks to another, and as if the Lord was very near. I felt that he was; and many others felt the same. Then the storm parted to the right and to the left! We hurried on to camp, got our tents pitched, and some fires built, when the storm burst in all its fury! We had camped on a side-hill, and the water ran through the tents in little creeks.

Another circumstance I remember clearly. My mother was taken very sick with cramp and cholera. A very fatal trouble in our weakened condition. We all felt bad about mother. I remember thinking, "Many are dying; mother may die, and what a dark world it would be without our dear mother!" As I gathered the sage to burn on our camp-fire, I couldn't keep from crying. When I met mother, she asked me what was the matter. I told her how badly I felt.

She said, "Do not feel like that; pray for me. I have been out yonder in the snow praying to the Lord to spare our lives, that we might get through to the Valley. I will never murmur nor complain, whatever we pass through, when we get there."

"God heard our prayers, and she kept her word. Even when, in years following, she went blind with age, she never murmured.

One more incident I will relate. One evening we camped

near a marshy meadow spring. Poison parsnips grew there in plenty. Everybody was elated. We had found something to cook and to eat! By this time, our ration was four ounces of flour a day, and neither salt nor soda. Alexander Burt brought some parsnips to our camp fire.

Mother said, "What have you there, Brother Burt?"

He answered, "They are parsnips, Sister Smith, a sort of white carrot; put on the pot and let us have a mess."

"I will do that," said mother, and we cooked and ate our fill of poison parsnips.

I confess we felt like we had been eating rocks, so heavy they lay upon our stomachs. The whole camp ate of them. Our captain arrived late at the camp that night, and when he found what we had been eating, he groaned aloud, and cried, "Put them down; every one contains enough poison to kill an ox." He said, furthermore, that it would be one of the providences of the Almighty if we were not all dead by morning. However, many were glad that they had eaten of them before they knew. We did not realize the truth of his words until the next morning when one brother died—a Scandinavian. We supposed that he had eaten them after he knew they were poison.

It was October now. The flour was gone, and we had enough crackers for only a two-days' ration. We rolled into camp.

"Come, Bessie," said Janet, "let us gather fuel for our fire."

We went over a little hill toward the west. "Look, Jennie; there is a team of horses and two men! See, they are stopping to speak!"

Now, Jennie was eighteen and bashful, and whispered, "you answer," as we went towards them. It was Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock. I learned this afterwards.

Brother Young said: "Sister, where is your camp?"

"Just over the hill yonder."

"Is there any sickness in the camp?"

"No," was the answer; "just one woman died today while eating a cracker."

"Have you any provisions?"

"All gone but some crackers."

"Well, cheer up," he said, "help is coming!"

I turned to sister and said, "What ailed that man? I saw him wiping his eyes."

"It may be that he is sorry for us. Let us hurry to camp and hear him speak."

We did so, and he told us there were many wagons with provisions coming soon; and there were. The relief was followed by great rejoicing, and we thanked the Lord in prayer.

Brothers Young and Wheelock went on next morning to carry the news to Martin and Tyler's company; two weeks behind us on the road.

The boys from Utah came the next day. How glad we were and how good they were! They gathered the wood, and made the fires, and let the weary ride in the wagons. On the side, I might state, also, that many lasting friendships were made betwecn the boys and the young women. It looked that way to me!

About three miles on this side of Green River, as I was walking ahead of the train, leading my little brother of six, and encouraging him along by telling him stories of what he would get when we arrived at the Valley, he said: "When we get to that creek, I wish we could see our brother Rob."

I said, "Come along, maybe we will, when we get to the top of the bank."

When we arrived at the top of the bank and looked down we saw a wagon with just one yoke of oxen on. We had never seen the like before, so we waited on the summit until they should pass. The man stared at us, and as his team came beside us, he yelled, whoa, to the oxen. It was then we knew him. He jumped off the wagon and caught his sisters in his arms as they came up with the cart. How we all wept with joy!

The cart was then tied behind the wagon. Little Alex climbed into the wagon as happy as a prince, instead of a poor, tired child.

The next question from Rob was, "Where is mother and Sister Mary?"

"They are behind somewhere, Robby. You will find them by the road." Mother was still sick, and when she stopped to rest she had to lie down; she could not sit up. Some had died that way; they would go to sleep and never awaken.

Mary was afraid that mother would do likewise, and tried to arouse her by telling her about a team coming with only one yoke of cattle on.

Mother replied, "Well, never mind, Mary; don't bother me; I am so tired."

"Well, mother, the man is running this way. It surely is Robert."

"O, no, Mary; that would be too good to be true!"

Well, she was soon convinced, as Robert took her in his arms and helped her into the wagon. As he did so, mother exclaimed, "I couldn't be more thankful to get into the kingdom of heaven than I am to see you, and lie here and rest."

Explanations followed. Robert stated that he had suffered from a mountain fever, and was just recovering when he received a letter that we were coming. He then borrowed and hired an outfit to come and meet us. None too soon!

We arrived at Lehi in due time, and Bishop Evans welcomed us to his ward. My sister Jane married his step-son, George Coleman, that winter; my sister Mary married Andrew A. Anderson; and Sister May married John R. Murdock; an adopted daughter, Euphania Mitchell, married Brother Robert. I married Isaac H. Goodwin, on December 1, 1859. My little brother Alex lived to be twenty-four, and died unmarried. All have gone beyond the veil except Robert's wife, who is eighty-two, and Sister Jane, an ordinance worker in the Manti temple, and myself. I am almost seventy-three.

Brother Editor of the *Era*, you said you would like my story. I have therefore written these few recollections. For the benefit of the youth of Zion who may read this, I bear testimony that I know God hears and answers prayers, and the Lord will help those who help themselves.

Beaver, Utah

They're Coming Home

They hurried on from Portland, Maine,
And Portland, Oregon,
From lake and gulf and hill and plain,
The blue and drab to don.

They left the office and the mill,
The shop, the school, the bank;
Each with a single heart and will,
Each one a fighting Yank.

Onward! Their only battle cry;
Forward! To win or die;
And victory has gone their way
In every chapter of the fray,
Till love and longing now can say,
"The Yanks are coming home."

From flame and gas and bitter days
And nights of shock and shell,
They're coming home in peaceful ways,
Once more with us to dwell.

And hats are in the air,
And drums roll out and trumpets blare,
Their work well done, in triumph come
Our boys from "over there."

Hark! As the chorus swells the cry
Triumphant from on high,
The heavens sing for you and me,
The ocean's safe, the land is free,
The world throughout knows liberty!
"The Yanks are coming home."

—*Hon. Addison T. Smith*, of Idaho, read this poem in his remarks on the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to those who served or gave others to the service of our country in the Great War.

How Private Neibaur Won the Congressional Medal of Honor

A Thrilling and Wonderful War Story, Told in his Own Words*

Introduction by Charles W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of the Church

A word of introduction is due the wonderful story told in his own way by Private Thomas Croft Neibaur, for the *Improvement Era*.

His great-grandfather, Alexander Neibaur, with his wife, received the gospel in Preston, England, in 1837. In 1841, the Neibaur family emigrated to Nauvoo, spending some six weeks on a sailing vessel, on the ocean from England to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi river by boat to Nauvoo. Private Thomas Croft Neibaur is the fourth generation of "Mormon" stock. His mother's name is Elizabeth Croft. Her family came from England, in 1869, and settled in Tooele. Elizabeth Croft married James Neibaur, and their second son was Private Thomas Croft Neibaur. President Edward W. Croft, of the Big Horn stake, is a brother of Mrs. Neibaur. The Crofts are a thoroughly musical family and are of the best English-American stock.

From boyhood, Thomas, who was born in Sharon, Bear Lake county, Idaho, May 17, 1898, grew up at Sugar City, Idaho, where his family now reside. He was a studious boy, rather given to books and music than to play, and never given to rowdyism, rather subdued, with a liking for culture, such as may be had in our communities. He was a quiet boy, always desiring to avoid rather than to make trouble.

It was a splendid sight to see this young man who volunteered and enlisted in the National Guard, even before the United States had declared war with Germany, returning to his home, on May 27, last. Practically all of official Idaho and ten

*In *McClure's* for May, 1919, Cleveland Moffett tells "Why Germany Quit," and among other instances of American courage refers to this one in these words: "What did they [the Germans] think of Private Thomas C. Neibaur, Company M. 167th Infantry, who, at the *Cote de Chatillon*, on October 16, 1918, when the rest of his detachment was wiped out, single-handed,—with bullets in both legs, accounted for fifteen Germans, killing four and taking eleven prisoners!"—*Editors.*

thousand other people gathered from far and near at Sugar City to do him honor. The Governor of the State was there, who, some months before, had appointed this lad on his staff. Singular, is it not, how hero worship still persists? These people were all there to welcome him, and to show that they, themselves, felt honored in knowing that he was a product of their community, now that he had done something which no other man had ever before done! Indeed, we may search in the histories of the wars that are past, and it will be difficult to find anything to equal the heroism, the bravery, the willing sacrifice, exhibited by this "Mormon" boy. I said, in addressing the gathering at Sugar City, that perhaps some future Longfellow would write of him and say,

Listen, my children, I want you to know,
The "Mormon" boy hero of Idaho.

I stated also, which caused a little amusement, that I had known for more than fifty years that there was splendid fighting blood in the Neibaur family, for I had married a Neibaur girl, some fifty years ago.

Thomas Croft Neibaur was the first private in the United States Army to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, and the French also have conferred on him the decoration of chevalier, also the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre.

Here is the story as he dictated it himself to the stenographer, all so modest, quiet, unaffected, without boasting. It is as thrilling as anything you will read in a life-time:

Private Neibaur's Wonderful Achievement

I enlisted on March 30, 1917, as a volunteer in the National Guard of Idaho, and went to Boise, but was not accepted until April 8, 1917. I was then 18 years of age. Soon after we were examined we were sent out to guard tunnels and bridges on the railroads in northern Idaho and Washington. Continued in this service until October 15, 1917, when I was sent to Camp Mills, Long Island, for training. The weather would not allow us to do much training; we were stationed there until December 15, when we were sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey. We remained there until the 10th of January, 1918, when we were sent overseas.

At that time I was in the Forty-first Division. We landed at Liverpool, England, on the 18th of January, 1918, where we remained for three days, and then were sent to France. On the 10th of February I was transferred to the Forty-second, or Rainbow Division. Continued with them until I was wounded and disabled.

On the 21st of February we were sent into the trenches in the Sector of Lorraine. It was our first time in the trenches, and, although it was very quiet, we thought it was terrible. There may have been a dozen shots during the night but we, at that time, thought it was a heavy bombardment. This was near Baccarat, Lorraine. The First Battalion of my regiment would be in the front line trenches eight days, then would be relieved to do reserve duty, and the Second Battalion would take its place, and so likewise the other battalions following eight days at a time. We were there until June 10 or 12.



Private Thomas Croft Neibaur, as he appeared before going overseas

ready to go to the front. We marched into the trenches on the night of the Fourth of July. We were there in the front trenches for ten days anticipating an attack. We didn't know who was going to attack, we or the Germans, but on the night of the 14th, after the big French celebration, we got word through prisoners we had taken that the Germans were going to attack that night and that their barrage would start at 12:15, midnight. Our officers told us that we should not attempt to sleep any that night. At 12 o'clock we had orders to start our barrage. We beat them to it by just fifteen minutes, and, for

We then made a long six days' march to the Champagne front, near Rheims. We got in there on the 4th day of July. On the 3rd of July we were planning for a celebration of the Fourth, about ten miles behind the front lines. While we were making our plans and deciding which of us were going to participate in the sports, the next day, the Captain came up and said we were to be called in parade for the Colonel that day. We formed in line and paraded for him that afternoon. At 9 o'clock that night, after we got into bed, we were called out and told to get

awhile bullets were falling so fast and guns shooting so rapidly that if one had attempted to count the large shells that struck close to us, he would have had a big job on his hands. These were our first days of real fighting.

The next morning at 6 o'clock the Germans came over in one of their famous mass formations. We didn't think we would ever be able to stop them. We were fighting in conjunction with the French, but the Germans kept coming on, wave after wave, until, I think, about 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, they kept up a steady fire. Finally they quieted down and we made our counter-attack, and drove them back a distance of about fourteen miles on a forty-mile front. Then, through some mistake, we were forced to give up all the ground we had taken and to fall back to our old positions. Had we not done so, we would have remained in a perilous position where the Germans could have flanked us from both sides and would perhaps have surrounded us. We were in this fight and retreat three days, July 15, 16 and 17. On the 18th my division was relieved from the front, and we went back about ten miles and rested for two days. We were loaded on motor trucks and taken right into Chateau-Thierry and we took our position in support of the Twenty-sixth Division, and followed them in their attack a few days, I don't remember just how many. On the 26th we were ordered to the front position, and they were sent back to rest. On the same date, we went over the top in the Ourcq river drive.

For three days we went over the top each morning and kept driving them back a little farther against strong resistance from machine guns. On the 28th we were in a position at one time where we could see one regiment of our division on one side of us, fighting with bayonets; and on the other side, another part of our division fighting with bayonets. The One Hundred Sixty-fifth (New York) Regiment went over five different times and had to fall back and let the enemy retake the ground. This was all hand-to-hand fighting.

We were relieved from the front in Chateau-Thierry about the 31st of July, and we went back to our position in support again, while the Fourth Division took the front line. We were held there until the 9th of August waiting for our relief, and finally we got it, and we marched three days back of the lines, a distance of perhaps twenty-five or thirty miles. We stopped at a little village on the Marne and were promised a rest and passes. We were quite close to Paris, and we were promised that twenty per cent of the company at a time should have leave to visit the city. The first bunch got their passes, and after they had been gone two days they were telegraphed for, and

when located were ordered back at once. From Chateau-Thierry on the Marne we were ordered to St. Mihiel, which required marching nine successive nights, for we took advantage of traveling in the night on account of the hot weather, for one thing, and also as a matter of safety and precaution against the German aeroplanes. We would march for fifty minutes and then rest ten. Some of the boys got so sleepy that during the ten minutes rest they would go sound asleep and be considerably refreshed when wakened. In one or two instances some of the boys got so sleepy they would fall asleep while they were walking and would stagger from side to side on the road until they were wakened.

We got into the front line at St. Mihiel, September 10, and we lay quiet for two days and went over the top on the 12th. We had very easy fighting at this time, it was merely nothing. Some of the German officers would look around and try to find some officer of the American Army when they would surrender their men to us. We gave them heavy barrage and our barrage scared them out. We gained our objective in three days, although our officers had planned that it would require seven days to accomplish the result. One division took the lines in the front that two divisions had gained and gave these lines to one division to hold, and my division was the one that was left there to hold it. We remained there until the 26th of September, the morning that the Argonne offensive started.

We were then sent by motor truck to the Argonne. We went into the lines there on the 4th of October. Things were quiet on both sides. We lay there until the 14th. It rained almost every day, and there was no place to get out of the rain except in holes that we dug in the ground. Where available we got corrugated iron to put over the top and keep the rain out as best we could. The ground was soaked with water, and whenever we lay down, our clothes would absorb the moisture from the ground. We lay there until the 14th, and then went over the top. We lost an awful lot of men in this fight, and didn't gain an inch of ground. The 15th was the same. We did not seem able to drive the Germans back an inch—they had too many machine guns. On the 16th we got two more companies from another battalion and put them with what we had left of our battalion; and got a good barrage and then went over the top again, and gained our objective without losing scarcely a man. The Germans seemed to get tired, and wanted to quit; they fell back, and we kept our ground. Occasionally we ran onto a machine gun which we soon put out of commission.

On this date (October 16), after we gained our objective, we were in a position facing a hill, on which was a small round

knoll. On the right of this knoll there was a nest of machine guns shooting down on us, on an angle, and we were in a position where we could not advance and strengthen our lines until that nest of machine guns was cleaned out. It was a hazardous piece of business to undertake to capture this German position, and the officers did not like to ask any of the boys to sacrifice their lives.

The Captain called for volunteers, and asked if there was anyone who would go and get that bunch of Germans. I volunteered, then my two companions stepped out and said they would go with me. With an automatic rifle it requires three men, a gunner, a loader, and a scout. The scout should go ahead and locate a good position for the gun; the loader keeps the slip of cartridges ready to put into the gun at any time.

I, with my scout and loader, crawled to the top of the hill where we encountered barbed wire entanglements. The distance we had to make was about as far as one of our Salt Lake City blocks. In getting over this wire entanglement I was shot in the thigh of my right leg three times, three bullets passing through the leg without breaking any bones, however. My loader and scout were both killed at this wire fence; one was killed instantly and the other shot through the lungs and killed. My leg was weak and I then didn't have any confidence in it as I thought it was worse than it was. I dragged myself along among the shell holes to where I could see a pile of dirt that the Germans had piled up when they had started to dig a dugout. I got behind this pile of dirt, where I was comparatively safe from the German machine gun fire, and the first thing I thought of was how badly I was shot.

I examined my wounds and concluded they were not extremely serious; they were not bleeding, and when I looked up from the examination of them, I saw about forty to forty-five Germans coming up directly toward me. I quickly turned my automatic rifle on them and fired about fifty shots. I was left without a loader. It takes as long to get a clip of cartridges out of a bag and put it into the rifle as it does to shoot a clip; whereas, if my loader had been there, it would have taken only an instant to change. I loaded twice the clips of twenty cartridges, as I had twenty in the gun when I first got behind the pile of dirt. I shot two clips and about half of the third, and the Germans got so close coming toward me and firing on me that I saw there was no chance whatever for me to get them all, so I turned and made an attempt to get back over the shell holes to my company.

After I got away from the protection which the pile of dirt had given me, I was in plain view of the fifteen Germans who

were still alive out of the forty or forty-five who started for me, and these kept advancing toward me, shooting as they came! Just at this time I was hit with a ball in my right hip which passed through into the left hip and there remains until this day. This shot seemed to stun me just for a minute. I fell on my face in the mud, and then the Germans, fifteen in number, came up and took my pistol away from me. I had left my rifle and I was without anything to defend myself, and



Private Thomas Croft Neibaur, as he appeared on his return from overseas

I certainly expected either to be killed or to go back to a German prison.

About this time the Germans kept getting up a little further on the hill, and the boys of my company saw them and fired a volley at them. None of the Germans were killed, but it scared them badly and they got down out of sight in the shell holes, and when they got down, I got up to see if I could stand and walk with my wounds. I found I could, and so I crawled

back to my pistol; they had not picked it up. I got hold of it and then stood up and called to the Germans to hold up their hands. They came out of the shell hole and rushed at me with fixed bayonets. There were seven shots in my pistol. I then shot four of the Germans who were in the front attack, and all this time I was calling on them to hold up their hands! When they saw that four out of the fifteen were killed, the other eleven threw down their rifles, knocked off their helmets and threw up their hands! I took them as prisoners back to our lines, and the Captain came out and asked me if I would take these prisoners on back to battalion headquarters or let someone else take them, so that I could be taken back to the hospital on a stretcher. I was still able to walk, so I told the Captain I would take them back to headquarters.

I took them back to battalion headquarters, a mile or a mile and a half in the rear of the front line, and I expected to find my old Captain in charge of the battalion. He had been promoted to a Major, and was in charge of the battalion, as I thought, and I spoke to him rather familiarly, more so, perhaps, than I should have done.

I said, "Cap, I have about a dozen boys out here. Would like to have you look them over."

The Major was a stranger to me, and as he popped his head out of the hole in the ground, he said, "This doesn't happen to be Cap, it is Major of the First Battalion."

I told him I had some prisoners. He came up to the prisoners and looked at them, and at the insignia on their collars. He said, "Which one speaks English?"

I said, "I don't think any one of them does, as I have been trying to talk to them."

He said, "You don't know anything about it."

That made me rather sore, but he examined them and tried to ask them some more questions. Finally he turned to me and said, "Did you take these prisoners?"

I answered, "Yes, sir."

"How did you do it?"

I said, "They attacked me, and I made a counter-attack."

He said, "How did you do it?"

I told him the story and then his attitude changed altogether. He said, "Son, give me your name and serial number, and when you get to the hospital write me a letter. Anything you want on this side you can have it; I will get it for you no matter what it costs."

I could have walked about a mile further back and have gotten to an ambulance drawn by mules, but this ambulance was a very poor thing, and had a habit of getting stuck about every

trip. I didn't want to take any chance with it, so I walked back about three miles further where I could catch a motor ambulance. I rode for about an hour in the motor ambulance to the field hospital where I got my wound dressed again and went back in the truck and rode for about three hours in this truck, with about twenty-five other patients, who were all wounded, and every jolt of that truck felt like a knife thrust through my leg.

Finally we arrived at the evacuation hospital. I was still in my wet clothes. I had not had a chance to change for a month, and they gave me an anti-tetanic serum, a preventive for lock-jaw. I sat there by a warm fire and fainted—first time I had felt the least bit weak. When I awoke I had been given an anaesthetic and had been operated on and washed and was now in good clean underclothes, and had had a good bath. I was lying in a nice white bed with white sheets, pillows, and a bed with springs—the first time for over a year. My wounds never bled much.

I was moved from hospital to hospital. As fast as one hospital is filled up they move the patients that are in the best condition to be moved, to another hospital. When the hospitals closer to the lines fill up, they send the patients further back. I was in the hospital in Limoges, which is base hospital 13.

On the 23rd of January I was called to go to Chaumont to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. I was still on crutches, but I was almost able to walk without them. I went to Chaumont on the 23rd of January, as directed, and it was arranged that I should receive this medal and decoration on the 25th.

General Pershing was away, and he didn't get back until the 8th of February, so I was decorated on the 9th of February, and was sent right back to base hospital 13. I went through six different hospitals, and finally was sent to the Embarkation Hospital, at Bordeaux, and sailed from there to Virginia on the 14th of March, 1919, on the ship *Pastores*. I was in the hospital at Hampton, Virginia, for about three weeks, and from there was sent to General Hospital 36, at Detroit, Michigan. From there I was sent to Fort Russell for discharge, on the 19th of May, as fully recovered. This was just two days after my twenty-first birthday, the 17th of May.

Mission Leaders

By Edward H. Anderson

George Albert Smith, President of the British Mission

George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, recently chosen president of the British mission, to succeed Elder George F. Richards, is a son of John Henry Smith and Sarah Farr Smith. He was born in Salt Lake City, April 4, 1870. Of his father, it is scarcely necessary to speak a word as he was well known in every hamlet of Zion. His mother Sarah Farr, was a daughter of Lorin Farr, one of the Pioneers of Utah, and many years a leading spirit in the Church and State.

George Albert received his education in the district schools, in the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, and in the University of Utah, not to speak of the education that he has received in his activities in the Church.

He has been a life-long worker in the Church organizations, including the Mutual Improvement Association, Sunday school, and the Quorums of the Priesthood. From his earliest days, he faithfully attended the Sabbath school, and later took active part in Mutual Improvement association work, and in the quorums of the priesthood in the Seventeenth ward, Salt Lake City, where he occupied every position in the Sunday school except secretary.

For a number of years, he was counselor, then superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Salt Lake stake, before its division into four stakes. He was president of the deacons' quorum and of the seventies' quorum, a missionary for the Y. M. M. I. A., in 1890, in Southern Utah, and a traveling elder and secretary of the Southern States Mission in 1892-3. This was his first mission, and he labored in Tennessee much of the time in the office, under Elder J. Golden Kimball who was then president of the mission. In this work, he exhibited his usual strict devotion to duty, his services being especially valuable in its extensive business at that time, owing to the labor of furnishing the missionaries with clothing and other supplies.

On June 25, 1892, about the time he was called on this mission, he married Lucy Emily Woodruff, a granddaughter of the late President Wilford Woodruff, and Judge Elias Smith.



ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

Who succeeds Elder George F. Richards, both of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, as President of the British Mission.

She went with her husband and aided him in his work. He gives deserved tribute to her, by declaring that she has been a help to him in every good work and resolution, never complaining, full of faith and encouragement, economical, energetic in her duties to home, church and family, "with such a wife," he says: "it becomes a much easier task to live one's religion." She again accompanies him on this his mission to Europe. The valuable efforts which she has put forth in behalf of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations in her capacity as a member of the General Board, will now be transferred to the people of England, and we have no doubt that she will not only help her husband in his arduous duties, but also renew her splendid labors, so well prosecuted in behalf of the young people of Zion, in behalf of the young people of the country to which she goes as a missionary help to her husband.

Released from the Southern States Mission, Elder Smith and his wife, made a trip of the country, visiting Florida, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, arriving in Salt Lake City, July 20, 1894.

In his early days, at thirteen, he was employed at Z. C. M. I., in the overalls factory, and at sixteen as a collector for the Grant, Odell Company; at seventeen he returned to Z. C. M. I., as salesman on the road, and continued in that business until he was eighteen and left for his mission to the Southern States. On his return from the South, he again found employment in Z. C. M. I., continuing there to receive a thorough drill in various important positions until the last day of January, 1901, when he was appointed Receiver of the United States Land Office in Salt Lake City, taking charge of the office, February 10 following, and which position he held faithfully for a number of years.

On the sixth of October, 1903, he was chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve apostles, being ordained by President Joseph F. Smith, after having been sustained by the general conference of the Church.

Some years ago his health gave way, but before his loss of health, he averaged thirty thousand miles of travel yearly, and at the rate of one and one-half meetings per day. He visited the Saints throughout the country, magnified his position as an apostle of the Lord, and gave counsel by precept and example to all with whom he came in contact.

He was elected president of the Utah society of The Sons of the American Revolution, for 1918, and was re-elected in 1919; was a delegate to the S. A. R. Congress, at New York, New Jersey, Rochester, New York, and Detroit, Michigan. He has

visited many of the missions in the United States; and before he became a member of the Council of Twelve, some of the missions of Europe.

George Albert Smith has been active in the politics of the state. He has a remarkable faculty for making friends, his enemies even respecting him. He has been an active Republican but has never said mean or unkind things of his opponents. This is a characteristic of him. In the preaching of the gospel, he does not tear down a man's house, but builds the gospel structure over him with an open and loving invitation to inhabit it.

He was elected vice-president of the International Irrigation Congress, at Calgary, Canada, in 1913, reelected vice-president at Sacramento, California, in 1914, and president of the Congress, at El Paso, Texas, in 1915.

In 1917 he was elected president of the International Dry-farm Congress, at Peoria, Illinois, and elected president of the combined Irrigation and Farm Congress, now known as the International Farm Congress, at Kansas City in 1918, which office he still holds. In these positions he has made many friends.

He has been personally acquainted with Presidents McKinley Roosevelt, and Taft, and with several members of the Cabinet, governors, senators and representatives throughout the Union and Canada, and with many business men of prominence with whom he has associated as member and officer in the Irrigation Congress and in the International Farm Congress.

George Albert Smith is a typical Latter-day Saint; broad minded, pure as a woman, active in good work, zealous in his calling, reliable, conscientious, honest, clean in language and action, faithful, punctual, considerate of his fellows, high or low, having confidence in God, a man who puts his soul into his work, and who is as nearly completely obedient to the laws of God as man can be upon the earth. His actions in youth never caused his parents one moment of anxiety, and he has kept in mind the name he bears, and honored it, believing truthfully, that no son ever had a better father and mother than he. He is a great admirer of punctuality, and one who knows him may set it down as a truth that if he is not on time for an appointment that he will not be there. In his labors with the young men of the Church, he made a specialty of impressing the value of punctuality upon them.

Elder George Albert Smith has passed through many wonderful experiences showing the care of God over him, and has had at least twenty-five remarkably narrow escapes from death which would make very interesting reading in themselves,

The Lord has preserved him and we are certain that his new calling to preside over the European mission, will give him great opportunities to accomplish much of the good that is in his heart. His experience in Church, state and national affairs wonderfully adapt him for leadership in the European mission, during these days of political, economic and religious life and reconstruction.

Theodore Tobiason, of the Swedish Mission

On May 9, 1919, Elder Theodore Tobiason, was called to preside over the Swedish Mission, to release Elder A. P. Anderson, who has presided there for the past three years. Elder Tobiason, is the son of Anders Tobiason and Johanna Olson, and was born March 2, 1864, in Malmo, Sweden. He came to Utah, October, 1871, and was baptized by Daniel H. Wells, in City Creek, September 3, 1873.

He received his education in the district schools of Salt Lake City. In business he became a contractor and builder, having in late years erected many of the substantial buildings of the district in which he resides, including the Granite stake tabernacle, the Forest Dale meeting house, Z. C. M. I. warehouse, and hundreds of other buildings throughout the county.

As a Church worker, he has occupied nearly all the positions in the priesthood, and in the auxiliary organizations, including the Mutual Improvement association and the Sunday school. In May, 1903, he was chosen a member of the High Council of the Granite stake, being at that time, ordained a High Priest by President Anthon H. Lund. This position he still occupies. From October, 1887, up to September, 1889, he filled a mission to the Northwestern states. He has completed two missions to Sweden. On the first he left in February, 1895, and returned in May, 1897, laboring at that time in the Gothenborg district. In August, 1913, he left for his second mission to Sweden, returning June, 1916, during which time, he occupied the position of President of the Mission, smoothing out many complications



ELDER THEODORE TOBIASON

Who is on his way overseas to preside over the Swedish Mission.

in which the elders were entangled with the government, owing to the opposition of the Lutheran priests.

He was married on the 21st of October, 1885, to Laura Woolley, daughter of Bishop John M. Woolley who was killed in Cottonwood Canyon, in the fall of 1864. They have several living children, the oldest daughter, Laura Gertrude, a bright, trained nurse, died while he was on his second Swedish mission, April 29, 1916.

Elder Tobiason expected to leave for his mission, with headquarters at Stockholm, on the 28th of June. He is an indefatigable worker in the Church, and has had much experience in nearly every organization and quorum of the Church in the stake and ward in which he lives. He is a man of strong character, thoroughly saturated with a knowledge of the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ as restored in the latter days by the Prophet Joseph Smith. On his last mission, he had occasion to bear testimony of the restoration in high government places when he had a tilt with one of the sectarian ministers who had been in Utah, and who was trying to prevent the "Mormon" missionaries from preaching in Sweden. He came out on top, and was the means of preventing the government from taking action to ostracise the "Mormon" elders from Sweden. He was called to labor in the Salt Lake temple, November 11, 1916, and has been engaged there ever since.

New President of the Hawaiian Mission

Elder Elias Wesley Smith, son of President Joseph F. Smith and Julina Lambson Smith, has been appointed by the Presidency of the Church and the Council of the Twelve Apostles to succeed Elder Samuel E. Woolley, as President of the Hawaiian Mission. The announcement was made on March 17, 1919. Elder Smith was born at Laie Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, April 21, 1886. He received his early education in the public schools of Salt Lake City, and in the Latter-day Saints College and University of Utah. In 1907, he filled a mission to the Hawaiian Islands, being set apart, February 20, and returning March 10, 1910. While on this mission, he became, like his father, President Joseph F. Smith, very proficient in the Hawaiian language, and was among the first among his brethren to acquire a speaking knowledge of it. For a number of years, since April 14, 1914, Elder Smith has had charge of the



ELDER E. WESLEY SMITH

New President of the Hawaiian Mission.

Church home, "Deseret," located in Santa Monica, California, and while there has faithfully assisted the local elders in missionary work at Venice, Ocean Park, Sawtelle and Santa Monica, and for five years acted as superintendent of the Santa Monica Sunday school.

Though quite young, Elder Smith has always been an earnest Church worker, having served in different official positions in the various auxiliary organizations of the Church. He married Miss May Smith, of Salt Lake City, and they have two children, Eloise, born February 26, 1912, and Elias Wesley, Jr., the first child born in "Deseret," Santa Monica, April 6, 1917.

Elder Smith received his appointment for his new field of labor on the 14th day of March, 1919, and was set apart on the 8th day May, 1919, by Bishop David A. Smith, under direction of the First Presidency, his term to begin after the dedication of the Hawaiian temple. President Samuel E. Woolley, has acted as president of this mission since 1895. His crowning effort is the erection of the Hawaiian temple, which is now nearly completed. Elder Woolley is greatly beloved by all who know him, and has hosts of friends among both the natives and the people at home, as well as among the hundreds of missionaries who have served under him during his long and successful administration in the Hawaiian Islands.

Elder Smith, the new president, is a man of sterling integrity. By the power and influence of the Spirit of the Lord, and the earnestness he displays in his labors, he promises successfully to handle the affairs of the mission, and the *Era* joins his many friends in wishing him unqualified success in his new calling.

New Editor of the Millennial Star

Elder Junius F. Wells, founder, under President Brigham Young, of the Y. M. M. I. A., and a son of the late General Daniel H. Wells, a stalwart pioneer and Church leader, left Salt Lake City on March 14 for Liverpool, England, where he has been called by the First Presidency to edit the *Millennial Star*, the oldest magazine in the Church, now in its 81st year, and to assist Elder George Albert Smith who is appointed to preside over the European mission to fill the vacancy caused by the return of Elder George F. Richards, also of the Council of the Twelve. As a writer and speaker, Brother Wells is an able expounder of the gospel, and he is widely known for his initiative, and new ideas on things, for his enthusiasm, and his faith. He was the founder and editor of the *Contributor*, the magazine that preceded the *Improvement Era*, as the official organ of the Mutual Improvement Associations. Many articles have appeared in these magazines from his pen. He supervised the erection of the Joseph Smith monument at South Royalton, Vermont, and also the Hyrum Smith memorial monument in the Salt Lake City cemetery. These are only two among the many noteworthy enterprises with which he has been actively associated. The European mission and particularly the *Millennial Star* are fortunate in securing his services, and we are certain that Elder Wells will make good in the new position to which he has been called by the authorities of the Church. He succeeds Elder J. M. Sjodahl who for a little over four years and a half has ably acted as associate editor of the *Star* and whose farewell appeared in the *Star* for April 17, 1919.

Before his departure, the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of which, as stated, he is the founder, presented him with a fine watch suitably engraved. The inscription reads: Presented to Junius F. Wells, 1875-1919, by the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.; on the back of the case appears the monogram M. I. A., surrounded by a bunch of sage and sego-lily and the motto which Elder Wells selected from the

Doctrine and Covenants for the association forty-three years ago: "The Glory of God is Intelligence." Elder Brigham H. Roberts, of the Y. M. M. I. A. superintendency, made the presentation speech, which was responded to by Elder Wells in his happiest mood. Elder Wells has been a constant worker and thinker for the Y. M. M. I. A. ever since its organization.

President Winslow Farr Smith of the Northern States Mission

In the changes that have recently been made in the mission officers, the Northern States mission received as its new president Winslow Farr Smith. He is a son of the late John Henry Smith and Sarah Farr Smith, and was born January 19, 1881, in Salt Lake City. There were eight sons and three daughters in this family. Winslow is the seventh son. He was educated in the district schools of Salt Lake City and in the high school, from which he graduated. He engaged in commercial traveling after graduation.

On January 12, 1902, Elder Smith was called on a mission to Germany, laboring in Berlin, Stuttgart, and Frankfurt. While upon this mission, he did excellent work in the regular missionary field, as far as opportunity was granted to him and to other missionaries in that land at the time. While there, he was appointed one of the delegates to the First National School Hygiene Congress, held at Nuremberg, other delegates from the West being Hugh J. Cannon and Levi Edgar Young. At the close of his mission, he traveled practically in every land in Europe, including Scandinavia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and France. He returned to his home in Utah in April, 1905.

On the third of June, 1905, he married Emily Whitney, a daughter of Orson F. Whitney, and they have three children.

Resuming his commercial labors, he became connected with the Salt Lake Knitting Works, continuing that business and accepting from time to time every opportunity for activity in the Sunday schools, acting in the Eighteenth ward, Salt Lake City, of which school he was superintendent for some length of time.

On the Smith side of the family, he is of the fifth generation, being a direct descendant of Asahel Smith, who was the father of John Smith, who



ELDER WINSLOW FARR SMITH

*Who succeeds Elder German E. Ellsworth as
president of the Northern States Mission*

was the father of George A. Smith, who was the father of John Henry Smith, who is the father of Winslow Farr Smith. On the Farr side of the family, he is also of noted pioneer descent. Both sides of the family were of Revolutionary stock, and are well known as having among them pioneers of this western country, famous for their indefatigable labors in behalf of the Church.

Winslow Farr Smith's experience, both in Church labors and in the affairs of the business world, fittingly adapts him to the new position whereunto he has been called to preside over the Northern States mission. His business ability will be of great value in the conduct and government of the mission. Fitted educationally, religiously, and in every other way to take upon himself the responsibility which has now come to him, he will undoubtedly carry on to continued growth and success the big work which his predecessor, German E. Ellsworth, has so well conducted during the past number of years.

George W. McCune, President of the Eastern States Mission

George W. McCune, appointed to preside over the Eastern States mission, was born in Nephi, Utah, May 24, 1872. He is a son of Henry F. and Elizabeth Grace McCune, both of whom are still active in Church circles. His initial education was received in the public schools of Nephi. Later he attended the Deseret University, now known as the University of Utah.

His service in Church work goes back to the Primary association, and thence by steps till at 18 he was chosen as assistant superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., to the late Heber S. Goddard. After his return from a mission to England, begun in 1896, he was sustained as assistant superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Juab stake. In the fall of 1898, he became associated with the John Scowcroft & Sons Company, of Ogden. His activity in Church work was promptly resumed in Ogden. There, upon the death of A. McLaren Boyle, he was made superintendent of the Second ward Sunday school.

Subsequently, he was chosen to lead in the Sunday school at the State Industrial institution, until called to be a member of the old Weber stake.



ELDER GEORGE W. McCUNE
President of the Eastern States Mission.

Sunday School Board, under the late Thomas B. Evans, David O. McKay and Charles J. Ross. Upon the division of the Weber stake, he was set apart as first assistant stake superintendent of Sunday schools. Other activities, including his place in the high council, signalized his life prior to this call to the Eastern States mission, which is a merited recognition of his ability and devotion.

His training in business will further fit him for a sympathetic discharge of his duties, for Gotham and the populous district over which he now presides is a cauldron of commerce and industry, the aims and symbols of which must be known if due progress is made. It may be of interest to cite that President McCune organized the first Automobile Company of Utah, later sold to Browning Brothers; that he established the McCune-Foulger Shoe Co., and that he is at present a director of the John Scowcroft & Sons Co., one of the largest manufacturing and wholesale concerns of the West.

His social nature, both natural and acquired, is perhaps his chief distinction, in the practice of which the mission interests will be ably subserved.

He will be accompanied on his mission by his wife, Sara Scowcroft McCune, three sons, John, Scott and William; also his daughter Mary.

The Seer

Lo, here he comes, with dauntless tread,
Forth from the ranks of men.
His brow is crowned with laurels won
Down in the marts of toil;
And like the snowy mountain top,
His strength is towering high;
For he has scaled the heights of life,
And reached, at last, the place
Where right and might are one.

He is the Seer whose vision clear
Leads on, and on to God;
And people say, "Let's hear him speak,
For he points out the way of life eternal."
And thus he rules with gentle mien,
And wields, with firmness true,
The scepter of God's priesthood here on earth.

June 5, 1919

Ezra T. Poulsen.

Natural Phenomena

Related to Human History

By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve.

We learn from Scripture that Adam's transgression brought about a fallen condition, not of mankind alone, but likewise of the earth itself. In this and in numerous other epochal events, wherein the direct interposition of Divine action is affirmed, nature is seen to be in intimate relation with man.

Thus the sins of mankind may produce calamity in the form of destructive phenomena, which we may properly call natural because deserved; and human righteousness may invoke peaceful and beneficent cooperation of the elements.

"Cursed is the ground *for thy sake*," was the Divine fiat to the first man. In contrast, note the assurance given to Israel that by faithfulness the seasons should be made propitious, that nurturing rains should come, bringing such harvests that the people would lack room to store their products. (See Mal. 3:8-12.)

Abject apostasy from the laws of God in Noah's time brought about the Deluge, in which "were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows [more properly flood-gates] of heaven were opened."

Enoch, who lived before Noah, was sent to proclaim repentance to the degenerate race, and so great was the power and authority vested in him that "*he spake the word of the Lord, and the earth trembled, and the mountains fled, even according to his command: and the rivers of water were turned out of their course.*" He foresaw the coming of the Noachian flood, and the events of history, including the Savior's ministry, down to the days of the Lord's second advent, when "*the heavens shall be darkened, and a veil of darkness shall cover the earth; and the heavens shall shake, and also the earth.*" (Pearl of Great Price, pp. 42 and 44.)

As a fit setting for the tragedy on Calvary, a pall of darkness fell about the place, and, when the crucified Lord expired, "*the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.*" (Matt. 27:51.)

On the Western Continent, widespread disruption signalized the Savior's death; and destruction befell the wicked who had flouted prophetic warnings and inspired admonitions to repentance. Many of the Nephites had forgotten the signs and wonders by which the fact of the Lord's birth had been made known, and had fallen into abominable wickedness. Then, at the time of the crucifixion, great and terrible tempests broke

over the land, with thunderings, lightnings, and both elevations and depressions of the earth's crust, so that mountains were sundered, and many cities were destroyed by earthquake, fire and the inrush of the sea. For three hours the unprecedented holocaust continued; and then thick darkness fell, in the which it was found impossible to kindle a fire. The awful gloom was like unto the darkness of Egypt in that its clammy vapors could be felt. This condition lasted until the third day, so that a night a day and a night were as one unbroken night; and the impenetrable blackness was rendered the more terrible by the wailing of the people, whose heartrending refrain was everywhere the same: "O that we had repented before this great and terrible day!" Then, piercing the darkness, a Voice was heard, proclaiming that destruction had befallen the people because of wickedness, and that those who had lived to hear were the more righteous of the inhabitants, to whom hope was offered on condition of more thorough repentance and reformation. (Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi, 2:8-10.)

Calamitous phenomena, before which the wicked shall fall, are definitely predicted as accompaniments of the second advent of our Lord. This is the prediction made through the prophet Joseph Smith in these days; and the fulfilment is nigh:

"For not many days hence and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man, and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light, and the moon shall be bathed in blood, and the stars shall become exceeding angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from off a fig tree. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people." (Doctrine and Covenants 88:87-91.)

It may be argued that the storms, earthquakes, and other destructive occurrences heretofore cited, are not natural but supernatural phenomena, specially inflicted by Divine intent. Say rather that these happenings are supernaturally directed, following naturally and inevitably the sins of mankind and the unregenerate state of the race.

"The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant." (Isa. 24:5).

Irrigation and Education

By Professor O. W. Israelsen, of the Utah Agricultural College

V. Progress.

That Perseverance is essential to Progress was called to attention in the last number of the *Era*. But, although absolutely necessary, Perseverance is not sufficient. In irrigation practice the highest type of Progress is assured only to the irrigator who has obtained an early Priority; who has always used water for a beneficial Purpose; who has consistently maintained his Place of use; and who has Persevered, and will continue to Persevere in the improvement of his irrigation system and in his methods of applying water. Courts and legislatures have declared "beneficial use" to be "the basis, the measure and the limit of a water right." This declaration has never deprived a persistent irrigator of a plentiful water supply, nor is it likely to deprive one. On the contrary, it has always protected him in his right to plenty of water for reasonable use. The doctrine of "beneficial use" has contributed much to the Progress of the West. To hold a right to the use of water without continuously applying the water to beneficial use has happily been made impossible. The "dog in the manger" policy has no place in irrigation law.

However, our foremost authorities in irrigation now assert that the "beneficial use" doctrine should be supplanted by a more rigid one, namely "economical use." It is, they maintain, no longer sufficient that the use of water should simply be of some benefit to society. It should, they argue, be of the greatest possible benefit under existing conditions, and therefore be economical. This claim is every year gaining many advocates. For all of the lands which need irrigation, the water supply will always be very inadequate. The public may, therefore, justly demand economy in the use of water.

Again, irrigation fundamentals symbolize fundamentals in education. The man who *early* began the development of his potential powers, who has always used his time for a beneficial Purpose, who has consistently remained in Place; and who has plodded *persistent*, has developed a sound basis for permanent educational Progress. Beneficial use of time is de-

clared by nature to be the "basis, the measure and the limit" of the right to be in educational advancement. It has never resulted in privation, but has contributed to the acquirement of opportunity for eternal Progress, and to the advancement of civilization. To maintain a right to a proportional share of society's responsibility without beneficial use of one's opportunities is manifestly impossible. And very fortunately, beneficial use of time and opportunity is open to every one. Democracy and self-governing are abolishing the "dog in the manger" policy with respect to universal individual Progress, under which the common people of the world once suffered.

However, with the increased opportunities now afforded every one, beneficial use of time and opportunity is no longer adequate. It is insufficient to simply "be doin' somethin'." Every moment must be made to bring the greatest possible benefit to self and to society. Such use of time is properly called economical, and the urgent need of every person making economical use of each moment is each day becoming more generally recognized.

The universe in which we live is but partly understood. Many processes in our plant and animal life are yet unexplained. About other planets even less is known. For all of the truths which await unfolding, the work-supply will always be very inadequate. The individual who early decides upon a definite Purpose in life and who Perseveres persistently in making economical use of every moment and of every opportunity is invariably of genuine service to society, and genuine service to society is the ground-level of individual Progress.

Logan, Utah

La Sierra Madre

(The Mother Mountain)

O sweet is the breath of thy pine-robed hills,
Thy fountains in sylvan bowers,
So sparkling and cool, feed the hurrying rills,—
Refreshing, life-giving thy showers;

The deer in the glade, the eagle in air,
The wild turkey, strutting with pride,
The fierce timber-wolf, the panther and bear,
The pools where the rainbow-trout hide.

Green are the grasses, sweet-scented the flowers,
The shrub with its bird-song and bees,
How sweet to my soul to linger for hours
With the wild life 'neath sheltering trees.

Colonia Juarez, Mexico.

Joel H. Martineau.

An Adventure in the Life of Mr. Horatio Algerion Hardcastle, Burglar

By Everett Spring

I.

Mr. Horatio Algerion Hardcastle, more intimately known as "Hardy," was by nature both methodical and industrious, yet there was a something lacking in his makeup.

A touch of genius, a little of originality, and he might have gone far—might even—who shall say?—have climbed to the slippery heights of company promotion. But the unkind fates ordained otherwise. Partly by force of circumstances, partly from preference, he had in early life adopted the same line of business as his father before him. He used the same tools, the same cautious though antiquated methods, and at times met with similar reverses.

The last of these had resulted in an enforced residence in a salubrious part of the country for a couple of years, all expenses paid.

He left that pleasant and healthy retreat on a bright day, shaking the dust from his shoes, metaphorically speaking, as he passed the entrance gates.

Though not strictly a moneyed man, and in spite of the fact that the name of his banker is not to be found in the directory among the list of the heads of other great financial houses, yet from somewhere best known to himself, Mr. Hardcastle undoubtedly obtained coin of the realm.

"Got 'old of a bit o' splosh," as he tersely and lucidly expressed it.

The next whole week he devoted entirely to the process of "losin' 'issel,"—in other words, in evading the impertinent curiosity of the police. This having been successfully accomplished, and Mr. Hardcastle having found a convenient and congenial residence, he spent yet more pleasant weeks in simple and harmless amusements. He would, in fact, have willingly prolonged the period, had not his landlord suggested that he would prefer payment to promises; and, more important still, had not Mr. Hardcastle discovered that the necessary amount of "splosh" was not forthcoming to administer to his own personal comforts.

That was on a Thursday, and on that same evening there

were riotous doings at a modest house of call much favored by Horatio and fellow professionals.

In the cold chill light of Friday morning Mr. Hardcastle, a trifle putty-colored about the gills, renewed his promises to the landlord, filled a tin box, which, properly speaking, should have held his worldly goods and chattles, with a couple of bricks and some tiles wrenched from a projecting angle of roof, carefully wrapped in brown paper, pocketed the implements of his trade, locked the attic door and sauntered downstairs ostentatiously whistling.

The landlord, a disagreeable person of a skeptical turn of mind, deftly collared him on the doorstep.

"'Ere, 'old on, Hardy—none o' yer games, my boy. Drop that there box, an' I'll take care of it till you come 'ome again, with the rent in yer pocket."

Mr. Hardcastle gingerly sat down the box in the passage.

"I'm a man o' my word, I am," he retorted, with dignity. "When I say I'll pay, I means it. Wot's wrong with the box?"

The landlord smiled wearily. "I don't like to see a man like you burdening yesself with it on a summer's day. Seems mighty precious by the way you handle it—heavy, too. You leave it here, and I'll watch it whiles you step over and have a glass of beer."

"I won't!" declared Mr. Hardcastle, with energy, grabbing at the box. "I tell yer flat, I won't, and if yer want to know why—I don't trust yer, I owe the money, and I'll pay it, but leave that there box——"

"If yer don't you'll have to stop and keep it company, Hardy," cut in the landlord, dryly, and he eyed the box slantwise. In the face of Mr. Hardcastle's refusal, it had suddenly grown to be a desirable asset.

"Hoh! that's the tune, is it?" retorted Mr. Hardcastle. He was full of pluck, but he stood a bare five feet four against the landlord's six foot. He hesitated. "Well, look 'ere, said he at last, "I'll leave it with yer, that's what I'll do. It's got a strong lock, and I've put my own private seal on it. See there?" pointing to an untidy dab of sealing wax.

"If you go messing round I shall know, and then I'll lag for yer. Now leave me alone while I cure my parchin' throat, as you suggested. Though, mind," he added, "I don't exactly like it."

"Maybe we might trade," said the landlord. "There might be some odds and ends as I'd take a fancy to; and for a fractional moment his left eyelid drooped.

"Maybe—maybe not," retorted Mr. Hardcastle, gruffly. "No 'anky-panky, though," and he stepped over the threshold.

"You get your old coppers iced, and we'll overhaul it," said the landlord, genially.

Mr. Hardcastle nodded, and clapping his cap more tightly on his head vanished round the corner of the alley—where he was overtaken by a sudden paroxysm of mirth.

II.

Mr. Hardcastle at work and Mr. Hardcastle at play were two very different individuals. As a man of leisure he was a gleeful, irresponsible and open-handed companion, given to practical jokes of doubtful taste and humor. With a job in view, he became cautious, silent and observant. It was his invariable rule to work alone, and up to a certain point he was both painstaking and skillful.

Throughout the remainder of that long, warm day he busied himself in making out a plan of campaign. His point of attack had been decided on during a casual stroll round earlier in the week.

From information received—in the phraseology with which Mr. Hardcastle was painfully familiar—the house in question was occupied by two ladies, sisters, four servants and a pug dog; there were, so far as he could ascertain, no men, the husband of the elder sister having been suddenly called away on business. But, on the other hand, rumor and general appearances conveyed the impression of a well-filled plate closet and handsome pickings from the drawing room and cabinets—to say nothing of jewelry should he deem it worth the risk of venturing above stairs for.

The house itself stood conveniently back from the street, a distance of some fifty yards, in the midst of a pleasant garden, with smooth lawns, clumps of flower bushes, a few good-sized trees, and a miniature carriage drive. It was of red brick, three stories high, and, thanks to the builder, the windows gave promise of easy access.

By eleven o'clock he was seated at his ease in the midst of the flower bushes, watching the lights go out one by one. Those on the ground floor had already been extinguished, and he himself was in the best of spirits.

Half an hour later all the lights were out save one on the third floor. A trim-looking maid-servant in cap and apron, supported by a portly woman with a lamp in her hand, whom Mr. Hardcastle promptly and correctly sized up as the cook, had stood for a minute or so in full view, taking a final breath of fresh air and chattering in undertones before locking and bolting the door of the small lean-to conservatory.

Twelve o'clock struck. Mr. Hardcastle leisurely slipped a pair of felt slippers over his boots, and produced successively a

jimmy, a finely tempered drill, and a dark lantern. He adjusted the wick with care, reassured himself that he had matches and one or two other necessaries, not forgetting a very cheap ram-shackle revolver, which, even if loaded, would not have frightened a self-respecting cat, but which, unloaded, as it was, Mr. Hardcastle, who did not believe in violent measures, kept solely for moral effect.

Still the light in the topmost floor burnt steadily, and Mr. Hardcastle swore gently, using words not loud but deep.

"One of them blasted servant gals," said he; "I know 'em. It's a shame, that's wot I calls it, wasting 'er mistress' gas while she reads 'ow the Lady Ermintrude was saved from an horrible death by the handsome man with the black moustache. She'll read till the words begin to dance afore her eyes, and then she'll lay her head on the piller and weep over the hard ways of this bloomin' world—and all the while here am I like a forsaken hedge-hog being debarred from getting to business."

There ensued a long pause, and finally the light went out.

Mr. Hardcastle stretched himself. "Thank heavens," said he, "end of chapter twenty-seven and the end of the black moustached man. Oh, I know them. I was literary myself once."

He crept cautiously up the drive, took his bearings, and commenced a quick-fingered onslaught on the dining room window. It yielded with such extreme ease as to elicit a grunt of professional contempt.

Mr. Hardcastle threw up the window, inserted one felt-covered boot, and slithered inside.

Now, long experience had taught him one elementary fact, and that was that while an open window in the dark was suspicious, an open window of a lighted room was as Caesar's wife in the eyes of the police. Wherefore he switched on his dark lantern, found a lamp on the table and lighted it, at the same time drawing the curtains ajar to prevent the rays flickering across the lawn should the novel-reading maid awake and feel moved to star-gaze.

He stood still for a moment or so, ready to take alarm; but the house was wrapped in silence, and after reassuring himself he softly opened the dining room door and vanished into the innermost recesses of the house.

III.

As has been previously stated, Mr. Hardcastle was a man of method and industry; consequently, by the time his steps were turned once more to the dining room door not only had he thoroughly been "through" the more private and portable val-

ables, but he had made a careful and classified selection, the results all neatly wrapped in soft scraps of linen, tissue paper, and a large assortment of dusters—to prevent jingling—were carefully stowed in a large bag, which he had brought with him for the purpose.

It was a goodly weight, and Mr. Hardcastle reflected with pride that there was not a single plated article among the lot. There were, however, a diamond cross and earrings belonging to the married sister, and a double rope of pearls, the property of the younger, which he had come across in neat leather cases at the back of the plate closet.

He cautiously opened the dining room door, inserted himself through the narrowest possible opening and stopped dead short, his lips apart, and a cold, damp perspiration starting from his forehead.

The room was still lit by the lamp on the table, but when he left the room it had been empty, but now a tall, good-looking man in evening dress, was lolling back in an armchair, a cigarette between his lips, and whisky and soda by his side, and a suit case on the floor by his feet.

"Well, my man, I fancy I've caught you rather neatly," said the newcomer, pointing with the forefinger of an immaculately gloved hand.

Mr. Hardcastle darted back and whipped out the revolver.

The gentleman in the chair smiled languidly, but otherwise he never moved a muscle.

"Now, then," said Mr. Hardcastle, "none of yer games. I ain't caught yet—not by a long sight."

"Don't be a fool!" retorted the stranger, without moving. "Put that toy away; it's not even loaded. I can see the light shining through the cylinder chambers—the question is, what shall I do with you?"

Mr. Hardcastle gasped.

"See here, guv-nor—" he began.

The other interrupted him with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "My name is Woodward—Mr. Woodward. If you wish to speak to me. You, I suppose, are what is called a burglar—a real live specimen of what one reads of in the police reports. I don't think much of you, so far as appearances go. I happened to catch sight of the lamp here as I strolled up the walk, so instead of coming in through the door, as usual, I followed your own example and entered by the window. Now, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Mr. Hardcastle during this harangue had been gradually backing toward the entrance. Mr. Woodward noticed this, and stretched out an arm. "If you move off that rug," said he, "I shall be obliged to ring the bell and rouse the household."

Mr. Hardcastle stopped dead. "I ain't done no harm, sir. I've been drove to it, that's wot I have. I've always run straight up to now; but I've been down on my luck—starving—and—"

"Kindly modulate your voice," said Mr. Woodward. "The—er—ladies of the house are nervous, and I don't wish them to be disturbed unnecessarily. What have you got in that bag? Come on, sharp now, the game's up, and my treatment of you will depend entirely on how little trouble you give."

Mr. Hardcastle sighed. He hated parting; but, at the same time, there was just an off-chance that the languid gentleman in the chair might let him go.

He deposited the bag on the floor and undid the strings.

"Three dozen spoons and forks, sir, a salver, two teapots, a saucedish, six ornamental pieces, and—er—that's all, sir," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a lingering hope that he might yet annex the two precious leather-covered cases. "It's all correct, sir," he added. "I'm a methodical man, "that's wot I am. Look here, guv'ner, fair and square, if I hand's over, wot'll yer do? It's the fust slide from the path of virtue." This was a reminiscence of Mr. Hardcastle's memorial visit to a church under compulsion. "I was hard pushed."

Mr. Woodward drummed thoughtfully on the table with his finger tips, and frowned in an absent-minded kind of way.

"Look here, my man," he said, at last. "I don't want to make it rough for you, and that's a fact. I've known ups and downs myself, though it may seem strange to you, and I should be sorry to drive any poor wretch into a corner. Still, here you are with a bag full of loot, and here am I, coming back late by chance and catching you in *flagrante delicto*, as it were—which means in the act.

"Now, mind, supposing I let you go off scot free and nothing said, will you promise to turn over a new leaf?"

"Look here, guv'nor, I'll take my solemn oath," broke in Mr. Hardcastle; but the other stopped him.

"Gently, gently," he said. "I really must ask you to modulate your voice. If once you rouse the good people upstairs I shall be able to do nothing for you, and I shall have no other alternative than to call the police. Now, what special trouble was it that put this temptation in your way? I'm willing to believe your story with—er—with reservations. You can hardly be a professional thief—your methods are so crude, so bungling, that you are evidently a novice."

Mr. Hardcastle's blood boiled. As was said before, he took pride in his work, and the languid gentleman's words hurt him. However, he choked back his indignation and grunted a word of assent.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Woodward, suavely, "it's the usual tale—lack of work, the saloon, a wife and family and the rent behind?"

"I'm a temperance man, guv'nor," said Mr. Hardcastle, stoutly, "at least, I hardly ever touches anything. It was the landlord wot druv me to desperation—he's a terror, that's wot—"

"There, there, that'll do," said Mr. Woodward. "Now, I don't mind giving you a little temporary assistance. How much is it you owe?"

Mr. Hardcastle made a rapid mental calculation of the possibilities.

"Eighteen dollars, guv'nor," he said hurriedly.

Mr. Woodward produced a wad of bills from his pocket and passed him a twenty-dollar bill.

"Here is twenty dollars," said he. "Now write down an address where I can find you. You needn't be frightened—I shan't want the money back, and I'm not going to turn you over to the police. Only if a man is down, and I feel inclined to help him, I like to look into the case myself."

Mr. Hardcastle wrote down glibly an entirely fictitious address with the stump of a pencil, and slid it across the table.

Mr. Woodward glanced at it, nodded his thanks and slipped it into his pocket.

"Now, then," said he, "I will wish you a very good evening—and look here, I'm not given to preaching, but take my advice and turn over a new leaf. This sort of thing isn't in your line at all. You'd only sink from bad to worse. To be a burglar in itself is terrible enough, but to be a failure. No thanks—not a word. There, go now."

Mr. Hardcastle snivelled and made a furtive movement towards the bag, in the hopes of recovering the jewel cases unobserved.

But the other man was too quick. "Never mind about that," he said, quietly. "I'll arrange about the things when I have seen you get away in safety. Don't look so nervous, man—no one's going to hurt you. Here, if your teetotal principles will stand it, help yourself to a drink—it's on the sideboard there—and try and pull yourself together."

Mr. Hardcastle did so meekly—a three-finger peg—glanced once more at the bag, and with a mournful eye moved toward the window.

Mr. Woodward gently pulled back the curtain, "I will save the noise of unbolting the door," said he.

Mr. Hardcastle slid out a leg. A moment's remorse disturbed as his fingers clutched the window sill.

"S'long, guv'nor; ye'r a good sort that's wot's the matter with you."

Mr. Woodward smiled. "I'd have been sorry to have had to hand you over," said he. "Good-night. Don't get into any more trouble, and if you want a bit of help or advice, come and see me again, before 10 or after 6. Now off with you, and be careful."

Mr. Hardcastle vanished into the outer darkness.

Mr. Woodward closed the curtains again, carefully, lit a cigarette and emptied the contents of the bag on to the floor.

"Lucky I came in time," he commented, as he surveyed the pile.

Then one by one he transferred the bundles quickly to his suit case.

A quarter of an hour later the lamp in the room was extinguished, and Mr. Woodward, suit case in hand, also emerged from the window. It seemed heavy, and avoiding the gravel drive, he trod softly and delicately on the bordering turf.

"A clumsy fool," said he, "a very clumsy fool—amateurish to a degree; but what I really wonder is, who does the house belong to?"

He turned out of the gate, lit a third cigarette [a characteristic of his kind—Editor] and strolled nonchalantly on his way, whistling a gay little tune.

Washington, D. C.

The Sum of Life

To strive!

To climb, to scale the threatening brow of beetling crags.

Unto the heights,

Where strong winds struggle for supremacy,

Tho' feet, that slip and sometimes lose the way,

Must bruised and bleeding take again the trail,

To hold the vantage ground thro' valor won,

In vanguard of the ranks that hope leads on;

This is the sum of life.

To strive!

Thank God for it! the wonder working gift, the privilege
That lifts the soul

Above the cloud, above the cloy of earth,

And crowns it for its final destiny,

A sovereign infinite, divine of birth.

To strive! to strive! to strive!

This is the slogan true of sterling worth,

This is the sum of life.

Grace Ingles Frost.



In this, the Birthmonth of American Liberty, in this, the year of Peace-making, in these, the Days of Struggle, the Time of Great Endeavors, of Highest Purpose, a wide Light of Hope shines from the sky that has been filled with Storm Clouds of Far-stretched, Devastating War. All is not yet Calm; from horizon to horizon the lightnings flash, the thunder rolls, but still the Light grows broader. The Minds of Men are set on New Ideals. From the lurid Storms of War, men Hope for Peace; a Peace that shall insure the Right of Nations, and of the Individual Man.

Intellect has vied with Intellect, New Means have been Devised, old Modes have been Improved for the Destruction of Mankind; Earth, Water and Air have been Scenes of terrific Combats. Death has been sent from the Skies, has come from the Waves and stalked across the Land. Yet Civilization has kept pace with Savageness and Brutality. Tenderness of Heart and Nobleness of Soul have counterpoised the agents of Cruelty and Hate. The Light that comes is brighter for the Darkness that has been.

Wars unnumbered have Scourged the Race, Myriads unjustly have been slain. Let the Sword be Sheathed. Let the Intellect and Strength of Men be used, not for the Individual and the Nation alone, but for All the World.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Zion and Jerusalem

By Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

The following question is from a reader of the *Improvement Era*, in the Southern States:

Referring to Isaiah 2:2-3, please explain whether it is the New Jerusalem that is to be built in the land of Zion, or Jerusalem that is to be built on the eastern continent, from whence the word of the Lord will go forth in the last days."

The scripture in question is as follows:

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's House shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

The statement is very clear that two separate cities, or centers, are mentioned by Isaiah. In modern revelation this is confirmed, and we are informed just where the city of Zion—which is the New Jerusalem—shall be built.

In order to get a proper understanding of this question, it is necessary to explain the fact that Palestine is to be the gathering place of the tribe of Judah "and the children of Israel his companions," after their long dispersion as predicted by the prophets. America is the land of Zion. It was given to Joseph, son of Jacob, and his descendants to be an everlasting inheritance. The children of Ephraim (son of Joseph) "and all the house of Israel his companions," will be gathered to Zion, or America.

In the blessing given by Jacob to his son Joseph the inheritance of America is foreshadowed and predicted in the following words:

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: * * *

The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors *unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills*: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

Because of his faithfulness and integrity, Joseph received greater blessings than the progenitors of Jacob, and was rewarded with the land of Zion. His brothers, with malicious intent, separated him and cast him out from among them. The

Lord, in rewarding him, separated him from his brothers—the other tribes of Israel—and gave him an inheritance in a land that is choice above all other lands, which, we have learned from the Book of Mormon and modern revelation, is America.

In this great day of gathering, the Lord has commanded that those of the house of Israel who are scattered among the Gentiles should flee unto Zion, and those who are of the house of Judah should flee unto Jerusalem, “unto the mountain of the Lord’s house,” which is their gathering place. (Doc. and Cov. 133:12, 13.)

In each land a holy city shall be built which shall be the capital from whence the law and the word of the Lord shall go forth to all peoples. The Savior said to the Nephites: “Behold, this people will I establish in this land, unto the fulfilling of the covenant which I made with your father Jacob; and it shall be a New Jerusalem. And the powers of heaven shall be in the midst of this people; yea, even I will be in the midst of you” (III Nephi 20:22).

Moroni, writing of the Jaredites, has said: “Behold, Ether saw the days of Christ, and he spake concerning a New Jerusalem upon this land; and he spake also concerning the house of Israel, and the Jerusalem from whence Lehi should come; after it should be destroyed, it should be built up again a holy city unto the Lord, wherefore it could not be a New Jerusalem, for it had been in a time of old, but it should be built up again, and become a holy city of the Lord; and it should be built unto the house of Israel.”

We are informed in the revelations given to Joseph Smith the Prophet, that the city of Zion and the New Jerusalem is one and the same. In a number of revelations the Lord speaks of the New Jerusalem which is to be built. (See sections 28, 42, 45, 84.) In Sec. 45:66, 67, we read: “And it shall be called the New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the Saints of the Most High God; and the glory of the Lord shall be there, and the terror of the Lord also shall be there, insomuch that the wicked will not come unto it, and it shall be called Zion” (See also sections 57:2 and 58:7).

In section 84:2, we read: “Yea, the word of the Lord concerning his Church established in the last days for the restoration of his people, as he has spoken by the mouth of his prophets, and for the gathering of his Saints to stand upon Mount Zion, which shall be the city of New Jerusalem.”

Jerusalem of old, after the Jews have been cleansed and sanctified from all their sin, shall become a holy city where the Lord shall dwell and from whence he shall send forth his word unto all people. Likewise, on this continent, the city of Zion, New Jerusalem—shall be built, and from it the law of God shall

also go forth. There will be no conflict, for each city shall be headquarters for the Redeemer of the world, and from each he shall send forth his proclamations as occasion may require. Jerusalem shall be the gathering place of Judah and his fellows of the house of Israel, and Zion shall be the gathering place of Ephraim and his fellows, upon whose heads shall be conferred "the richer blessings."

The Fruits of Good and Evil

In all our lives how careful should we be
 To square our actions by the rule of right,
 To speak the language of sincerity,
 And shun the path that will not bear the light.

Who can the hasty, bitter word unsay?
 Who can a single deed obliterate?
 A flood of tears will wash no act away,
 Nor grief the spoken thought annihilate.

Our works on earth are like the seeds we sow,
 They pass from sight and fade from memory:
 But from them good or evil fruit shall grow,
 To multiply throughout eternity.

No skill of man can make two kinds of fruit
 Grow from one seed, however rich the ground;
 And ne'er on branches from an evil root,
 Shall buds of good and evil both be found.

Fruits "in their kind" from seeds prolific spring,
 In their own likeness they come forth again:
 And so our actions, right or wrong, shall bring
 To us a crop of good or evil grain.

And fertile germs in their productions dwell,
 Each to perpetuate their species still.
 When shall they cease to spread? ah, who can tell?
 Who stop their increase by his feeble will?

Do good to others; though ingratitude
 May often chill the warm and gen'rous heart,
 And though thy motives may be misconstrued,
 Still act a godlike, charitable part.

Hold not thine hand from doing worthy things,
 Though praised by none and known to God alone;
 Virtue shall be the glory of the kings
 Who share the splendor of the Father's throne.

Oh! think not that the shades of darkest night
 Can hide the wickedness in secret done!
 With all its dire effects 'twill come to light,
 And blast with trembling shame the guilty one.

Beware of doing wilful injury,
 Close not thine ear to mercy's pleading voice,
 For thine own measure shall come back to thee,
 To bring despair or make thy soul rejoice.

The Assignment

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

Dolores stood before the mirror and tried on one strand of beads after another. The coral were too garish against the bronze curve of her throat. Also she decided against the amethyst rosary, with its silver cross. She hesitated long over the gold beads, but it was the pearly necklace that she finally clasped around her neck. It matched well the pale green of her dress, and the narcissuses that snuggled like stars in the midnight of her hair.

It was two o'clock in the morning when she raised her candle and took a final survey of herself. For a moment she pressed her hand against her heart which seemed to thump so loud that it must wake the sleeping inhabitants of the *Ranch de los Sombras*, (Ranch of the Shadows). Dolores cast a fearful look around the little room, as if she might not see it again. After the manner of the south-west, it was bare and cool. A crucified Christ hung on the white-washed wall, and the red flagstone floor was covered by a Corralitos blanket, dull blue and two inches thick. A very white bed and a dressing table draped in white swiss completed the appointments.

Dolores threw a black rebozo over her head, then pushed back the glass door that opened on to the balcony. This overhung the patio, or inner garden, now abloom with hyacinths. She stole down the stairs, passed the kitchen and reached the open. Here she pulled the mantilla closer about her, as she feared she might be seen from the servants' quarters and conjecture arise as to what the Senorita Blair did in hurrying away from her father's hacienda in the small hours of the morning.

Dolores had inherited her daring spirit from her American father, and her beauty from her Mexican mother. As the latter was dead, she had been practically man-raised,—alternately petted and disciplined. The big, black-bearded Blair had two passions: one was his daughter; the other was to ride out over his range, five thousand acres of it on the Mexican border, and look at his cattle.

A month before, at the town of Las Cruces, Dolores had met Juan Lopez, the terror of the Mexican border, at a dance. He had swaggered in late when she was dancing the Tarantula, in red and yellow costume. When he first saw her, his magnetic eyes had lighted up. After the manner of the south, love will spring into being in five minutes, and will not be forgotten in

a lifetime. As he shed his Spanish cloak and stepped out on to the floor in his costume of a Mexican dandy, velvet-trimmed with silver bullion, Dolores found it hard to believe that this slim, handsome figure was the far famed "Wildcat," Lopez, the terror of the border,—hero of cattle forays and shooting scrapes. A revolutionary Colonel, on the Mexican side of the line; common bandit, they called him on the American frontier. Although it had not been proved, people connected him with the holdup of the Sunset Limited, when he courteously returned their jewelry to all the lady passengers; also with the robbery of the stage coach, when he became so enraged at the lack of booty that he stripped the passengers of all their clothing and left them to proceed on in their embarrassed way to the Barranca Inn. Skeptics, however, could not see how he could be so full of gallantry in one case and so lacking in it in the other. On the night that he met Dolores, Lopez rushed her for waltzes, and when she danced with others, watched her moodily from the doorway. When he left, there had been a pressure of the hand and a hurried word in her ear. That was all.

Big Blair let it be understood that the "Wildcat" was not welcome at his ranch, but that did not prevent Lopez from smuggling Spanish dagger flowers, New York chocolates, pearl earrings, and Spanish lace shawls to the daughter of the house. He even arranged to send a white horse, but Dolores refused it in a panic as a too conspicuous gift.

Now a note had come by messenger begging Dolores to meet him down by the willows. He had something of the utmost importance to say to her. He would have come honorably to the hacienda, had her father permitted it. As it was he was leaving for Mexico to take command of his regiment. Perhaps he would never return. He must see her before he left. For two days Dolores had feared and trembled. A dozen times she decided not to go. Again a wave of tenderness swept over her. Perhaps her lover went to his death, for there was a new revolution in Mexico. What did he want to tell her? So torn with curiosity, she dressed and crept out.

As she skirted the irrigation ditch for the protection of the bushes, she looked back at the ranch house, a pale gray pile in the darkness. What if she never saw it again! What if Lopez caught her up on his black horse, El Diablo, and carried her off like a Russian Cossack claims his bride? In the distance a coyote howled. She pulled her scarf around her closer. As she neared the clump of willows that surrounded the pool her heart beat fast. But no Mexican lurked within the shadows. She was more startled than if he had come upon her unawares. Alarmed, she darted in and out among the shrubbery. She strained her ears for the clamp of his horse. There was no

Juan of the gleaming teeth and ardent eyes to gather her in his arms. Anger, resentment welled up in her. The false one had lured her to the rendezvous, then had failed to come. Yet it was not like Lopez to miss an appointment, especially one with a woman. She circled the pool, then stopped on the edge. As she gazed into its black depths, the conviction grew upon her that Juan Lopez had met with foul play—he had many enemies. Perhaps his horse had stepped on a rattle snake. Still, Lopez would have come. She would wait a little. Like a gorgeous dragon-fly, she hovered on the edge of the water, until the cry of a strange bird scared her away.

It is one thing to creep out in the dead of night; another, to crawl back in the chill gray dawn without having seen the lover. Dolores hurried to her cold room and tore the wilted flowers from her hair.

Later, that morning, as she sat on the balcony at breakfast with her father, Dolores showed no sign of her all-night vigil, unless it were the pensive look about her mouth. Youth is resilient and soon springs back.

"Looks like two men off there," said Big Blair nodding toward the northern horizon.

Dolores strained her eyes and descried two horsemen above the mesquite.

"Guess it's Pete and Jim come to report on the cattle in Happy Valley. They should have arrived yesterday," he grumbled.

Dolores lingered at the table till the two men rode up. They crossed the balcony with much clanking of spurs. Then they stopped and drank deep of the water from the olla that hung in the shade.

"Well?" interrogated Blair.

"Stock looking pretty good. That bunch of three-year-old steers about ready to ship," laconically explained Jim.

"Funny thing happened when we came through the upper wash," exclaimed Pete: "We came upon a black horse hobbled. When we hunted around we found the body of a man with a mountain lion at his entrails. When it saw us it made a get-away. When we examined the face, guess who it was? Juan Lopez! Must have lain down to sleep for an hour or two and the beast got him."

Only the old Indian woman that carried the food noticed that Dolores' hand shook till she spilled her chocolate.

"How dreadful!" Dolores forced through white lips, then she turned and tottered to her room.

"Sorry I upset your little girl," murmured Pete looking after her.

In the sanctuary of her room Dolores tore at the blouse

at her throat as if she would suffocate. While she waited for him to keep his tryst, he lay dead on the hillside! The human "Wildeat" had met his match at last. The brute had killed him on his way to his assignation,—perhaps as he dreamed of the warm lips of Dolores. He had probably lain down waiting for the moon to rise, and the lion had pounced on him as he lay helpless. Dolores threw herself on to the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Dry sobs shook her. She clenched and unclenched her hands till the nails left blue ridges. After the storm had spent itself, a calm settled over her. After all, nobody spoke well of her gay Lothario. They couldn't all be wrong. It wasn't his first affair. His name had been coupled with that of other women. She recalled vague rumors which in her infatuation she had ignored. Like a penitent child she looked up at the Crucified Savior above her head and cried piteously.

What would have been her fate had she met Juan that night? What if he had carried her with him across the border and then had thrown her away like a cast-off garment? She had miraculously escaped from the consequences of her own folly! Providence had saved her from the clutches of the "Wildeat," even though Juan Lopez had to die. She slid to the side of her bed and prayed, thanking the Lord as she never had thanked him before.

Thoughts

By Albert R. Lyman

Behold the confusion, and be not confused; hear the discord all around, and preserve still the harmony of your soul's wonted composure.

How can we consider the stage of yesterday, and know how the actors passed therefrom, as the lights changed and the curtain presented a new scene, without bearing thoughtfully in mind that this stage and these actors will also pass—that the men of tomorrow will point to the folly of those who, today, lived and labored under the popular delusion that this is the stage of all stages, that its apparent prizes are all real, that the lure of its denouement is not staged for an occasion only, but for all time!

The sad tragedy of this latter-day work is the death of a returned missionary. He comes home with the brilliancy and magnetism of his good work resting like a glorious crown on his head, and all are inspired by his presence to undertake better things. Then, too soon, he is dull with an indifference painful to those who had begun to build on the stimulus of his personality. He was alive, and is dead. His is the most distressing form of death which comes to men, and yet no such tears are shed for him as if he had gone gloriously to his rest in the performance of duty in his mission-field.

Is intelligence ever statical by nature? Is it satisfied and unprogressive, a state of being dimly aware? Intelligence is immortal—native of infinite worlds. In the exercise of its unperverted functions, it looks to and strives for immortal achievement, bartering the very tissues of its corporeal being as proper exchange for endless values. Yet the minds of men are often so perverted by excess that they become alien to the original ideal.

EDITORS' TABLE



The Solemn Assembly

Elder Heber J. Grant Chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

At no time has the spirit of the General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, been more enthusiastic and edifying, than in the eighty-ninth annual conference, held in the Great Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, beginning Sunday, June 1, and closing June 3, 1919. The conference had been postponed from April 6, owing to health conditions among the people.

The large body of Saints in attendance mourned for the great prophet and leader, the late President Joseph F. Smith, but in his successor, the spirit of the work was wonderfully revealed. Every testimony, all that was said and done, and the union of the Saints that was made apparent, verified the fact that the mantle of leadership and the power of presidency had fallen upon President Heber J. Grant.

The first business of the conference, after the opening exercises, was the presentation of officers of the Church for the support of the people.

The quorums of the priesthood were present in solemn assembly for the purpose of voting in that capacity for the General Authorities of the Church. The quorums and officers in nine divisions voted in the following order: First Presidency, apostles, patriarchs, presidents of stakes, their counselors and high councilors, high priests, seventies, elders, bishops and their counselors, the lesser priesthood (priests, teachers and deacons).

They were arranged as follows:

First Presidency and apostles, in their respective places on the stand; patriarchs, south wing of the stand; presidents of stakes, the counselors, and high councilors, lower stands and left front; high priests, left center of main hall; seventies, right center of main hall; elders, back left of main hall; bishops and counselors, left wing of the stand; lesser priesthood, back of the left north aisle; the remaining portions of the building, including the galleries, were occupied by members at large.

President Heber J. Grant stated that in voting, each quorum

of the priesthood would rise and the members voting would raise their right hands, and then be quickly seated, so that the business of voting might be done as expeditiously as possible. Those wishing to vote in the negative, would vote in like manner.

The order of voting was as follows:

1. First Presidency.
2. Apostles.
3. Patriarchs.
4. The Presidents of Stakes, their Counselors, and High Councilors.
5. High priests.
6. Seventies.
7. Elders.
8. Bishops and their Counselors.
9. The Lesser Priesthood (priests, teachers, deacons).
10. All members of the Church present.

Practically the whole body of the hall was occupied completely by the priesthood, and the scene from the stand, as the many thousands of men stood up, quorum by quorum, to vote, their right hands raised to the square, was the most impressive, stately and dignified religious solemnity that the eye of man ever beheld, not to speak of the scene when the whole audience, upwards of ten thousand in number, covenanted unanimously in like manner to sustain their chosen leaders.

The following are the officers voted upon, and the introductory statement by President Heber J. Grant:

We will now present to the congregation, the General Authorities of the Church, those holding the priesthood only. Inasmuch as there will be ten votes called, comprising the different orders of the priesthood, and the assembly as a whole, and it will take so much time, only the General Authorities will be presented at this conference:

It was then proposed that we sustain:

Heber J. Grant, as Prophet, Seer and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Anthon H. Lund, as First Counselor in the First Presidency.

Charles W. Penrose, as Second Counselor in the First Presidency.

Rudger Clawson, as acting President of the Twelve Apostles.

As members of the Council of Twelve Apostles:

Rudger Clawson,

Reed Smoot,

George Albert Smith,

George F. Richards,

Orson F. Whitney,

David O. McKay,

Anthony W. Ivins,

Joseph Fielding Smith

James E. Talmage

Stephen L. Richards

Richard R. Lyman

Melvin J. Ballard.

Hyrum G. Smith, as Presiding Patriarch of the Church.

The Counselors in the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles and Patriarch, as Prophets, Seers and Revelators.

First Seven Presidents of Seventy: Seymour B. Young, Brigham H. Roberts, Jonathan G. Kimball, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin, Charles H. Hart and Levi Edgar Young.

Charles W. Nibley, as Presiding Bishop, with David A. Smith and John Wells as his First and Second Counselors.

Heber J. Grant, as Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In each instance, President Grant announced the motion to sustain the authorities voted upon, and called for the affirmative vote. Following the response, the negative of the question was presented, and should there be any who favored it, they were requested to make known their will. The voting throughout, which was completed at 10:37 o'clock, was unanimous, without exception, in favor of the affirmative.

President Heber J. Grant's Pledge of Service and Action

After the presentation of the authorities at the General Assembly in the annual conference of the Church, President Heber J. Grant delivered his first speech as President of the Church, to the people in conference assembled.

He pledged to the Latter-day Saints faithful service, and declared the standard of action and policy that he would pursue in the new responsibility to which he had been chosen. He said:

A Pledge of Faithful Service

I feel humble, beyond any language with which God has endowed me to express it, in standing before you here this morning, occupying the position in which you have just voted to sustain me. I recall standing before an audience in Tooele, after having been sustained as president of that stake, when I was a young man twenty-three years of age, pledging to that audience the best that was in me. I stand here today in all humility, acknowledging my own weakness, my own lack of wisdom and information, and my lack of the ability to occupy the exalted position in which you have voted to sustain me. But as I said,

as a boy in Tooele, I say here today: that by and with the help of the Lord, I shall do the best that I can to fulfil every obligation that shall rest upon me as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to the full extent of my ability.

I will ask no man to be more liberal with his means than I am with mine, in proportion to what he possesses, for the advancement of God's kingdom. I will ask no man to observe the Word of Wisdom any more closely than I will observe it. I will ask no man to be more conscientious and prompt in the payment of his tithes and his offerings than I will be. I will ask no man to be more ready and willing to come early and to go late, and to labor with full power of mind and body, than I will, always in humility. I hope and pray for the blessings of the Lord, acknowledging freely and frankly, that without the Lord's blessings it will be an impossibility for me to make a success of the high calling whereunto I have been called. But, like Nephi of old, I know that the Lord makes no requirements of the children of men, save he will prepare a way for them, whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has required. With this knowledge in my heart, I accept the great responsibility, without fear of the consequences, knowing that God will sustain me as he has sustained all of my predecessors who have occupied this position, provided always, that I shall labor in humility and in diligence, ever seeking for the guidance of his Holy Spirit; and this I shall endeavor to do.

The Standard of Action.

I shall not occupy your time by reading Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants. I will leave that for each and every one of those before me, and those to the right and the left, holding the priesthood, and as many of the audience as may feel so disposed, to read it when they go home. With the help of the Lord, I shall endeavor, standing at the head of the Priesthood of God upon the earth, to exercise the authority that has come to me in keeping with that wonderful revelation: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned." God being my helper, the priesthood that I hold, the position that I occupy, shall be exercised in accordance with these words that I have quoted to you. We can do nothing, as recorded in that revelation, only as we exercise love and charity and kindness—love unfeigned. With the help of the Lord that is exactly how I shall administer, to the best of my ability, the Priesthood of God that has come to me.

I could stand here and occupy all of the remaining time, with the hundred and one thoughts that have come into my

mind, in connection with the duties that devolve upon me; but I am anxious that my counselors should speak to you here this morning, and I am anxious to pay my tribute of respect to those men who have preceded me. I take no credit to myself for occupying the position that has come to me. I realize that failure will be the result if I do not give the Lord the credit for calling me to this position, and seek for the light of his Spirit to guide me in all that I shall do.

President Grant then dwelt at length on the life and labors of each of the Presidents of the Church, from Joseph Smith, the prophet, to Joseph F. Smith, the great preacher of righteousness and late leader of the Church—bearing his testimony to the divinity of their callings and to the inspiration of God unmistakably apparent in their administrations, and declaring that they were servants of the living God. He then occupied the remainder of the time in a eulogy of President Smith, the time, through his suggestion, being largely devoted at the morning and afternoon service at the Tabernacle, as well as in the Assembly Hall and at the Bureau of Information, to memorial exercises in honor of the beloved leader—the late President Joseph F. Smith.

Church Statistics

President Heber J. Grant, at one of the meetings of the annual conference, read the following interesting information on a variety of items of moment:

During the year 1918 there were 14,761 baptisms and 15,963 children blessed. There were 5,752 deaths, which is the largest number on record for any year. Of this number, 1,054 died of influenza and 862 died of pneumonia.

Military.—Over 20,000 members of the Church were in the military service of the United States and its Allies at the close of the year 1918. Of this number, 383 died in the service. We should have been allowed not less than 20 chaplains, and we made application for permission to furnish our quota, but for some reason, unknown to us, we were only allowed to furnish three chaplains, two of whom saw active service at the front in France.

Priesthood.—There has been a better attendance of the priesthood at the ward weekly meetings, but there are still 9,078 persons who hold the priesthood whom the bishops report are willing to labor, but have not been assigned to any duties in the stake or ward.

Tithes.—There has been a considerable increase in the amount of tithes paid for the year 1918. The tithing has been

well handled by the bishops. Very little loss has been incurred, except through the failure to find a market for the large potato crop of the year 1917.

Temple Work.—There were 175,525 baptisms for the dead performed in the temples, and there were 78,001 endowments for the living and the dead. The Hawaiian temple is now practically completed at a cost of about \$200,000. The Cardston temple is nearing completion, and will cost, when finished, about \$600,000.

Sacrament Meetings.—In consequence of the quarantine and conditions prevailing during the epidemic of influenza in the latter part of the year 1918, the attendance at Sacrament meetings has fallen off, and the visits of the ward teachers have not been as regular as in other years.

Finances.—The following are some of the expenditures paid out of the tithes and other Church funds during the year 1918:

There has been expended for assisting the worthy poor	\$279,244.30
For missionary work and building of meetinghouses in the missions, mission houses and return fares of elders	345,761.51
For the maintenance and operation of the Church school system, including the erection of new school buildings	695,561.70
For the maintenance and operation of the St. George, Logan, Manti and Salt Lake Temples.....	170,000.00
For the construction and equipment of the Hawaiian and Cardston temples	340,036.17
For the erection of meetinghouses (this does not include donations for the same purpose by members of the respective wards).....	288,766.76
For the maintenance of stakes and wards in all their various departments	526,002.91

Attention was called to the fact that the work which the Pioneers did in planting trees and in beautifying homes, farms, ward meetinghouses, schools and other buildings, is being sadly neglected in the Latter-day Saint communities. Our advice and counsel to the Latter-day Saints is to plant more trees, to get the best kind adapted to each locality, and to grow them wherever they can be grown.

The Task of the M. I. A.

Among the many good instructions that were presented to the officers of the M. I. A., at the recent spirited and successful June conference, of which the *Era* will have more to say in the August

number, none exceeded in importance the subject of teacher-training classes, by Elder David O. McKay, at the first session of the conference, Friday, June 6. The supreme task in the field of Mutual Improvement is the raising up of a body of teachers, leaders and workers who are intensely in sympathy with the spirit of our cause, and who are at the same time, able instructors, knowing the needs of the young men and young women of Zion who are waiting to be trained in the principles of the gospel and in the spirit of the great Latter-day work in which we are engaged; men and women who may honestly and squarely meet the M. I. A. students and their needs in method, spirit and measurable results.

Until our organization awakens to the need of properly trained teachers, and by that we mean men and women who have the love of the young people at heart and the spirit of the gospel in their souls, as well as some professional knowledge of teaching, we cannot hope to make the progress that we should be making in these wonderful organizations. There can be no doubt that these problems of holding our young people and teaching them effectively to love and to live their religion and to observe the duties and obligations of life and citizenship in the Church, the community and the Nation, are the most important immediately at hand.

The first task that lies before us is to find properly trained teachers who can furnish to the teacher-training classes a background of spirit, facts and methods that will awaken the large number of teachers in our organizations to the responsibility of earnestly and skilfully guiding the youth to a knowledge of the truth, showing them the necessity of making use of every opportunity to live rightly in relation to their fellow-men, and to make use of every opportunity for self-government, and above all and over all, to assist every young man and young woman to complete living on the foundation of faith in God and his great latter-day work—the aim and purpose of the Y. M. M. I. A.

As a beginning in this direction, those who have in charge our organizations must insist upon the teachers of the Y. M. M. I. A. attending the teach-training classes now or soon to be organized in every ward of the Church.

Messages from the Missions

The Book of Mormon Making Many Friends

H. Cecil Baker, Albany, New York, writes, May 26: "Due to the zeal and efforts put forth by our faithful and energetic missionaries, though few in number, the work in this district, the Albany conference, is pro-

gressing rapidly. Elders A. Earl Worlton and Robert W. Bird, are laboring in Schenectady, New York. Two families have recently applied for baptism. Sister Elizabeth Hadley, and Alice Hatch are accomplishing much good in Rensselaer. Through the medium of the Book of Mormon, many friends are being made. Truman D. Gilbert, has been honorably released to return to his home in the West, and the position of Conference President which he has occupied, is now given over to H. Cecil Baker, who has toured the conference, and pronounces the prospects very en-



couraging. The *Era* is very much appreciated by all the Saints and friends, as well as the missionaries who are laboring in this conference, who are, standing: Alice Hatch, Woodcross; Elizabeth Hadley, Taylor, Utah; Sitting: H. Cecil Baker, Minersville, Utah, incoming conference president; Truman D. Gilbert, Preston, Idaho, outgoing conference president; Robert W. Bird, Pocatello, Idaho; A. Earl Worlton, Lehi, Utah.

One Hundred Ten "Mormons" in Japan

The Missionaries of the Japan mission met in conference at Tokyo, Japan on April 10, 1919. The first session was for the purpose of announcements and discussing the work to be done at the conference. Two sessions, held on the 11th and 12th respectively, were devoted to giving reports of work done since the last conference. These reports showed that the missionaries are all united and they are doing a conscientious work among the people.

On Sunday, 13th, the regular Sunday school session was held with an attendance of 57. In the afternoon the Saints' sacrament meeting was held and Elders Palmer and Wright gave some very good talks to the Saints on the Trinity. The general and local Church authorities were presented and unanimously sustained. In the evening a public meeting was held, and the subject of the Holy Ghost was discussed in able speeches, and from different points of view, by Elders Olpin, Lee and Stoddard.

Four sessions of the conference were devoted to the consideration of the fifth year of the Seventy's Course in Theology, by Elder B. H. Roberts, on the subject of "Divine Immanence and the Holy Ghost." Each missionary gave a talk for about thirty minutes on one or two chapters of



LATTER-DAY SAINT MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN IN NATIVE COSTUMES

the course and in this way the whole course was covered. Much good was gained by all present by getting a much better understanding of this difficult phase of the gospel.

Besides the above sessions a special fast and testimony meeting was held where all the missionaries laboring in Japan, of whom there are eleven elders and two lady missionaries, bore their testimonies. The meeting was a very spirited one, and many strong testimonies were borne. This was among the best sessions of the conference, and was the most enjoyed.

One other session was held in which various questions were answered and instructions in regard to the work of the coming season were given by President Stimpson. A priesthood meeting was also held, on the 17th, at which members of the local priesthood were present, this being the last session of the conference. Various ways of cooperation between the missionaries and the local brethren were discussed, and it is hoped that more results will follow this united effort in the future. The total Church membership was reported as being 110 souls.

The elders all expressed themselves as being very grateful for the *Era* because of the clean and wholesome material it contains. It is looked forward to with interest and read from cover to cover. It was the voice of the conference to work for some kind of Church magazine to be the organ of the Japan mission to be printed in Japanese as an aid in missionary propaganda.

While all were assembled in Tokyo a picture was taken of the missionaries in native costume. Those in the picture are, left to right, standing: Elder Bryan L. Wright, Ogden, Elder Joseph S. Pyne, Provo; Elder Louring A. Whittaker, Circleville, Utah; Elder Myrl L. Bodily, Fairview, Idaho; Elder Owen McGary, Shelley, Idaho; Kofu Conference President J. Ray Stoddard, Richmond, Utah; sitting: Tokyo Conference President Versall L. Cowley, Venice, Utah; Children of President Stimpson; Mission President Joseph H. Stimpson, Riverdale, Utah; Sister Pearl M. Lee and children; Sapporo Conference President LaFayette C. Lee, Hinckley, Utah; Elder A. Ray Olpin, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Osaka Conference President Val W. Palmer, Logan, Utah.

The missionaries returned to their fields, with determination to labor to their utmost for the spread of truth and to infuse the love and unity so manifest at the conference, into the Saints and investigators "till all come to a unity of the faith."—*Jos. H. Stimpson.*

New Elders' Home

Elder A. G. Wright informs the *Era*, under date of March 11, 1919, that the following elders are laboring in the Hauraki district of the New Zealand mission. Left to right: H. L. Hawkes, Preston; R. S. Wood, Burley, Idaho; W. Z. Ward, Willard, Utah; in charge of the Maori work; A. G. Wright, Ogden, Utah, in charge of the European work, and D. A. Thomas, Salt Lake City, Utah. He continues: "The three elders who are sitting labor among the Maoris of this district with headquarters at Kiri Kiri, and the elders standing labor among the European people with headquarters at Thames. Recently a piece of property was purchased here by the Saints with the help of the mission upon which an elders' home has been erected. This home consists of a fine five-room cottage and was built by the elders mentioned above, with the help of Elders Dewey Long and E. J. Banks, of the Waikato district, and Brother Thomas Carless, of Waihi. Brother Carless is one of our Saints in this district and an experienced carpenter, and helped materially in the erection of our home. Not only did he work two months on the home without remuneration, but he also gave a very hearty donation toward it. The home serves as a meetinghouse, at present,

where our European services are being held. Until our new church is built this home will serve us nicely. We are indeed proud that we have a place of our own in which to worship the Lord. A bazar and concert was held in Thames on February 25, under the direction of the Relief Society which



proved to be a great success. The net proceeds of this bazar and concert were about \$200. The Saints and elders made the affair a complete success, and the Maori Saints, of Kiri Kiri, added their part. We all worked together and with the help of the Lord were able to pay off the debt of the Elders' Home."

"Done Better than We Have Known"

Arnold G. Holland, writing from Bradford, England, May 7, says: "There is a great scarcity of elders from Zion here, in this mission at present; only four, outside of the Mission Office force, which is composed of three, but despite all odds, the work is prospering and, in the words of President Richards, we have 'done better than we have known.' This is a great testimony to me. The *Era* is one of our best friends in the mission field. Personally I think it a grand magazine, and I shall be a life-time patron of it. We pass the few copies that are so kindly sent to us free, to the Saints and friends, and some of the numbers find their way into high places. We wish the *Era* continued success."

REMEMBER THE M. I. A. SLOGAN:

We stand for spiritual growth through attendance at sacrament meetings.

PASSING EVENTS



Germany lost one hundred ninety-eight submarines during the war, according to statistics published in a German newspaper. This number included seven submarines interned in foreign ports, and fourteen that were destroyed by their own crew. More than three thousand sailors lost their lives in the submarine sinking, as shown by the statistics, while several thousand others lost their reason, and had to be committed to lunatic asylums, according to the translated telegrams by the Associated Press.

Harry G. Hawker and Lieutenant Commander Grieves, who left St. Johns, New Foundland for England to cross the Atlantic in an aeroplane, were rescued by the Danish steamer *Mary*, in mid-Atlantic about 800 miles from the Irish coast, on May 19, the same day that they departed. The aeroplane came down into the sea off the bow of the ship, a boat was launched, and the two aviators were rescued, being greatly exhausted. The ship had no wireless, and hence the relatives of the aviators could not be informed of the rescue until a week later.

The New Joseph Smith Memorial Building, on the grounds of the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City, is practically completed, and will be dedicated, it is said, about September. The first public entertainment held upon the spacious roof-garden was held on the evening of June 6, at the annual reception and social tendered to visiting stake officers by the General Board of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. during the annual conference. Refreshments and a splendid program were provided by the Social Committee of the organizations under direction of Roscoe W. Eardley, chairman.

The transport Plattsburg, which has come to be known as the "bridal ship," because more than three hundred wives, taken by American soldiers abroad have come to the United States as passengers upon this ship, arrived at Hoboken, June 16, with sixty-nine more brides and twenty children, representing part of the marital activities of men aboard our destroyers and submarine chasers, cruising from ports on the southern coast of England and Ireland during the war. Twenty-five of the brides were Irish, the others were English or Scotch, all who saw the arrivals on the Hoboken pier agreed that the judgment of the sailors could not be questioned.

Drug addicts, are increasing in the United States, according the investigation of a special committee which submitted a final report in Washington, June 13. More than a million addicts to drugs are estimated to be found in the United States. Imports of opium into the United States has increased twice as fast as the growth in population; and over ninety per cent of the amount of these drugs entered for consumption, is used for other than medical purposes. It is stated that the United States consumes from thirteen to seventy-two times as much opium per capita as other countries. The report shows that twenty million dollars per annum is the estimate of the value of habit forming drugs imported. Whether nation-wide prohibition will increase this evil, is not yet definitely determined, but the opinion that prohibition will increase the use of narcotics, and that the drinkers will seek in opium a substitute for alcohol receives support from investigations made in some of the Southern states, where prohibition has been in effect for some years.

The Division of Educational Extension, Department of the Interior, is perfecting a film service available for communities and organizations concerned with arrangements for Americanization meetings. Thirty-one centers up to the first of June, had qualified for receiving the service, and materials had already gone forward to a large number of these centers, including the University of Utah, Salt Lake City. Efforts are being made to extend these contracts to include all the states, and until such states are organized, inquiries may be made direct to Visual Instruction Section. In teaching Americanization, the motion pictures are of great importance, and these exist in fairly large numbers, with new ones constantly being made. Pictures which show essential facts concerning the resources, achievements, and institutions of America:

"These may be industrial, depicting the extent, the activity, and the character of a great manufacturing plant or of a mining or farming project; or scenic, revealing the wealth of America's natural beauty or the prosperity and attractiveness of the American city and village; or dramatic, showing America at work or at school or at play, or giving a narrative of the life of typical Americans, or putting in picture form typical pieces of American literature."

An over-seas flight without a stop was made across the Atlantic ocean on June 15, by Jack Alcock, a captain of the British Air force and Lieut. Arthur Brown, an American. They have the honor of having made the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic ocean from New Foundland to Ireland, thereby winning the *Daily Mail's* fifty thousand dollar prize. The Americans, however, were first to cross the water by air. Alcock left St. Johns, New Foundland at 4:13 p. m., Greenwich time, 12:13 New York time, and made the flight in sixteen hours and twelve minutes after he left St. Johns, landing in Galway, Ireland. The record-making trip was made in a Vickers-Vimy bomber, having two engines of three-hundred seventy-five horse power, with a gasoline capacity of eight hundred and seventy gallons. The machine had a wing spread of sixty-seven feet, and was forty-two feet eight inches long, the weight, full load, being thirteen thousand pounds. The time of the flight was sixteen hours and twelve minutes; the distance covered being sixteen hundred eighty nautical miles, and the average speed one hundred two nautical miles an hour. Owing to a fog, the plane flew up-side down at times because the pilot lost all sense of direction. This flight was a great achievement and shows that the world is on the threshold of great development in aviation, much greater than ever dreamed of a month or two ago.

Report of changes in ward and stake officers for the month of May, 1919, as given by the Presiding Bishop's Office: New ward and bishop—Ogden 14th ward, Weber stake, Clarence Morris, bishop.

New Presidents and Counselors.—Jordan stake President Soren Rasmussen succeeded Wm. D. Kuhre; John G. Sharp, 1st Counselor and Joseph M. Holt, 2nd Counselor. Address of President Rasmussen, Draper, Utah.

Ogden stake, Thomas E. McKay, succeeded Thomas B. Evans as President; John Halls, 1st Counselor and Samuel G. Dye, 2nd Counselor. Address of President McKay, Huntsville, Utah.

Juab stake, Isaac H. Grace, succeeded Thomas H. G. Parkers as 2nd Counselor in the Stake Presidency.

New Bishops.—2nd ward, Liberty stake, Henry B. Elder succeeded Heber C. Iverson, address 843 South 5th East, City. Shumway ward, Snowflake stake, Walter H. Denham succeeded Wallace E. Shumway, address same. Showlow ward, Snowflake stake, John L. Willis succeeded James C. Owens, address same. Lincoln ward, Bingham stake, Fred A. Caine succeeded A. E. Stanger, address Idaho Falls, R. D. No. 1, Idaho. Hawkins ward, Portneuf stake, Joseph L. Brower, acting in lieu of George Z. Hq.

dowal, address same. Joseph ward, Sevier stake, Joseph William Parker succeeded Arnfred Christensen, address same. Blanding ward, San Juan stake, Wayne H. Redd succeeded Hanson Bayles, address same. Trout Creek ward, Bannock stake, Michael Mickelson succeeded Nephi Peterson, address same.

Adams S. Bennion, a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and also associate professor of English in the University of Utah, and well known as a leading educator of the state, has been appointed superintendent of the Latter-day Saints Church School system, to succeed Superintendent Horace H. Cummings, who has been honorably released from the office after serving long and faithfully therein. A new commission of education for the Church Schools was recently established and includes Elder David O. McKay, Commissioner, and his assistants Elders Stephen L. Richards and Richard R. Lyman, all well known educators and members of the Council of Twelve Apostles. Superintendent Cummings has been head of the Church schools since 1906, and has been a well-known teacher in the state for many years, having taught in the Brigham Young College at Logan, in the Eighteenth Ward Seminary, Central Seminary, at Mill Creek, the District schools of Salt Lake City, and in the University of Utah. He has been connected with the General Sunday School Board, since 1901, and with the Religion Class work since the same year. The new superintendent holds the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts, having been a student at Columbia University, as well as at the University of Utah, where his under-graduate training was secured. Professor Bennion was for several years, principal of the Granite High school and was formerly an instructor of the Latter-day Saints University. He is a bright and active Church worker, and a man who will gain the love and esteem of the young people wherever he comes in contact with them.

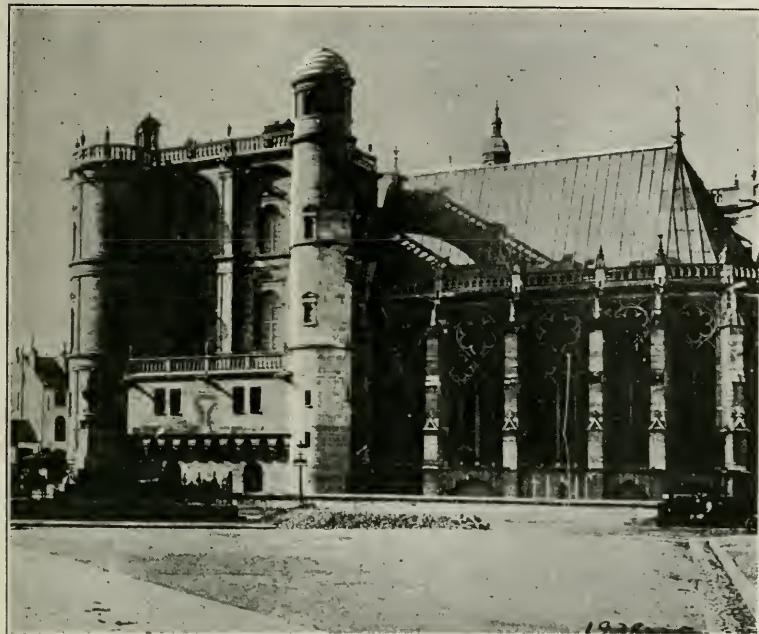
The Conference of Americanization Specialists and Workers was held in Washington, May 12 to 15 under the auspices of the Department of the Interior. The subject of Americanization was gone into in great details by many speakers. Following is a selection from a speech delivered upon America's heritage, by Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane. It shows how utterly impossible the ideas and actions of the I. W. W. and Bolshevism are in this free land, America. It should be read and advocated by every American and every lover of America in the United States, and not only read and advocated, but religiously lived up to. We quote:

"The right of revolution does not exist in America. We had a revolution 140 years ago which made it unnecessary to have any other revolution in this country because it was fundamental. One of the many meanings of democracy is that it is a form of government in which the right of revolution has been lost by giving the Government wholly to the people. Revolution means revolt. Against whom are we to revolt in the United States excepting the people of the United States?

"If we Americans do not like officials, programs, policies, measures, systems, we can try others, but in Europe the right of self-determination as to domestic concerns has been denied, and therefore the right of revolution has been preached.

"No man can be a sound and sterling American who believes that force is necessary to effectuate the popular will. As we have taken from the duelist his pistol and compelled him to seek redress in the law, so in the larger affairs of the Nation we have said, "This is your country. Make it what you will; but you must not use force, for when you came here and became a citizen you gave over the right to resort to anything but public opinion and the methods of the law in the determination of national policies. If you are in a minority you must wait until you become a majority, and as a majority you must be content to prevail by processes which respect the rights of the minority."

"Americanism does not mean that any one economic system is right, or that the United States is a perfected land; it does not mean that any one social philosophy must be accepted as the final expression of truth; but Americanism does mean that we have evolved for ourselves machinery by which revolution, as a method of changing our life, is outgrown and outlawed."



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WHERE THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN DELEGATES RECEIVED THE PEACE TREATY

The famous Chateau Francois Premier at St. Germain-en-laye, where the peace conference with the Austro-Hungarian delegates was held. Austria emerged from the conference, surrounded by quarrelsome neighbors, and threatened internally by bankruptcy and social upheavals. The *New York Tribune* summarizes the Austrian terms as follows:

Under the treaty the area of the Austrian Empire is reduced from 240,935 square miles to between 40,000 and 50,000 square miles.

Her population is reduced from fifty to between five and six millions.

She must recognize the independence of Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia.

She must renounce all extra-European rights.

She must recognize and respect the independence of all Russian territory.

She must agree to accept the League of Nations covenant and the labor charter.

She must demobilize all naval and aerial forces.

She must make compensation for all damages by personal injury to civilians caused by acts of war, including aerial bombardments,

She must assure complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Austria.

She must agree not to impose any restrictions on the use of any language.

She must abandon all financial claims against Allied or Associated Powers.

The Susan B. Anthony amendment, to the United States Constitution, providing for woman suffrage, was recently passed by the United States Congress and was received on June 16, by Governor Bamberger of Utah, the document being forwarded by Frank L. Polk, acting Secretary of State, who requested that it be submitted to the Utah Legislature for whatever action it may take. The letter quotes from the section of the United States law which provides for publication of amendments and for their going into effect as soon as they are ratified by two-thirds of the states. Whether or not the Utah Legislature will be called in special session to consider the amendment, is not now known, although there is a probability that about the time of holding of the state fair, a special session may be called, particularly if it should turn out at that time, that Utah's legislative vote would help to ratify the amendment before the next presidential election. The amendment, passed the National House of Representatives during the latter part of May, and the Senate of the United States, on the 4th of June, 1919. It was ratified by the Wisconsin legislature June 10.

The battle for the equal-suffrage amendment in the United States was begun by Susan B. Anthony, and the first amendment was drafted by her in 1875. The proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution to give the right of the ballot to women reads:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex."

This amendment is practically the same as the one proposed by Susan B. Anthony in 1875. The amendment was first introduced by Senator Sargent, of California, January, 1878. It was voted on in the Senate four times, as follows: In 1887, yeas 17, nays 34; in 1914, failing by 11 votes; in 1918, failing by 2 votes; February, 1919, failing again by 1 vote. In the House it was voted on in 1915, failing by 78 of the necessary two-thirds vote. On January 10, 1918, it passed by 1 vote over the necessary two-thirds majority.

The 28 States in which women now have presidential suffrage, control about 55 per cent of the Electoral College, over one-half of the Senate, 45 per cent of the House, and 55 per cent of the votes in the party conventions.

Full suffrage was granted to women in the following States: Wyoming, granted 1869. Colorado, granted 1893. Utah, granted 1896. Idaho, granted 1896. Washington, granted 1910. California, granted 1911. Kansas, granted 1912. Arizona, granted 1912. Nevada, granted 1914. Montana, granted 1914. New York, granted 1917. Michigan, granted 1918. Oklahoma granted 1918. South Dakota, granted 1918. Texas, granted 1919. Tennessee, granted 1919.

School or tax suffrage in the following States: Kentucky, granted 1838. Minnesota, granted 1875. New Hampshire, granted 1878. Massachusetts, granted 1879. Mississippi, granted 1880. New Jersey, granted 1887. Connecticut, granted 1893. Iowa, granted 1894. Ohio, granted 1894. Delaware, granted 1898. Louisiana, granted 1898. Wisconsin, granted 1900. New Mexico, granted 1910.

Foreign countries in which women have full suffrage are as follows: Isle of Man, granted 1881. New Zealand, granted 1893. Australia, granted 1902. Finland, granted 1906. Norway, granted 1907. Iceland, granted 1913. Denmark, granted 1915. Russia, granted 1917. Canada, granted 1918. Austria, granted 1918. Czechoslovakia, granted 1918. England, granted 1918. Germany, granted 1918. Hungary, granted 1918. Ireland, granted

1918. Poland, granted 1918. Scotland, granted 1918. Wales, granted 1918. Holland, granted 1919. Sweden, granted 1919.

George Huskinson, a prominent Church worker, and member of the quorum of seventy, in Teton, Idaho, died at that place on Friday, May 23, 1919. There was perhaps not a man in the entire ward that was more highly respected than he was. George Huskinson was born in Salt Lake City, May 27, 1870, and was a son of William and Janette Cusins Huskinson. He was baptized at the age of eight years, and received his education in the public schools of Salt Lake City. At an early age he entered the sheep business with his brother John W. in which they were eminently successful. In the fall of 1899, both brothers moved to Teton, Idaho, and located upon a farm where they lived at the time of the death of George. George Huskinson was married July 20, 1904, to Louisa Bush, both of whom at the call of the Church, went to the Southern States on a mission, November 20, 1908, laboring with gratifying success in Florida, South Carolina, and Ohio. They returned in the spring of 1911. Soon after his return he was ordained a seventy and set apart as a member of the Council of the 159th Quorum, which position he held at the time of his death. Aside from serving as a ward teacher, and superintendent of the Sunday school, he has held other positions in Church work, all of which he filled with honor and success. He leaves a wife, mother, three brothers and three sisters. The cause of his death was rupture, for which he underwent an operation in March. He was later stricken with pneumonia, and had scarcely recovered when he was taken with influenza. To intensify the sadness of his departure, Irvine, the oldest son of John W., died from the influenza in the mission field last December, and Ethel M., John's daughter, died of the same disease just a month ago.—*R. W. Riggs.*



George Huskinson and Wife

Crossing the ocean in aircraft, in a few years will not be looked upon as an adventure, so it is declared by the United States weather bureau; which bureau has predicted that the time is not far distant when flying across the seas will be a necessary feature of the world's daily routine. But navigating the air will not be practicable until vital improvements in aircraft will make them more independent of air conditions, which improvements are bound to come. Captain Alcock's feat of crossing the water in sixteen hours, notwithstanding, is a marvelous and significant achievement.

James H. Wallis, editor and manager of the *Vernal Express*, Vernal, Utah, writes of the *Era*: "You certainly have developed a wonderful book of the *Improvement Era*, and it should be in every home in the Church. I wish you continued success."

At Dawson, Yukon, and other Alaskan towns in the northern part of the continent, the festival of the Midnight Sun was celebrated, on June 21, the longest day of the year, when the sun during the entire twenty-four hours does not drop below the northern horizon. Large numbers of Midnight Sun excursionists from the United States and Canada had come by steamer to Fort Yukon to witness the forty-eight hours or more of sunlight.

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